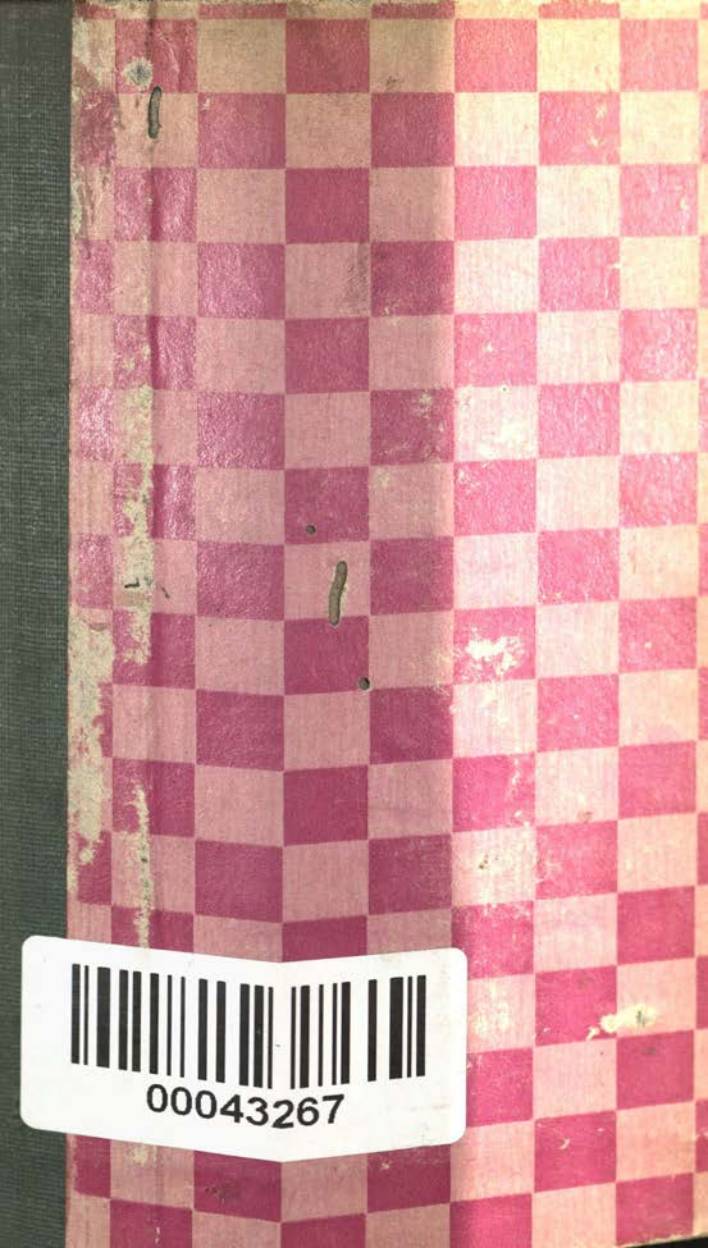
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KING HENRY IV.

THE FIRST PART;

A HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

Vol. 2
43267

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
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43267

REMARKS.

43267

This is a play which all men admire, and which most women dislike. Many revolting expressions in the comic parts, much boisterous courage in some of the graver scenes, together with Falstaff's unwieldy person, offend every female auditor; and whilst a facetious Prince of Wales is employed in taking purses on the highway, a lady would rather see him stealing hearts at a ball, though the event might produce more fatal consequences.

The great Percy, they confess, pays some attention to his wife, but still more to his horse; and, as the king was a rebel before he mounted the throne, and the women are naturally loyal, they shudder at a crowned head leagued with a traitor's heart.

With all these plausible objections, infinite entertainment and instruction may be received from this drama, even by the most delicate readers. They will observe the pen of a faithful historian, as well as of a great poet; and they ought, surely, to be charmed with every character, as a complete copy of nature; admiring even the delinquency of them all, far beyond that false display of unsullied virtue, so easy for a hard to bestow upon the creatures of his fancy, when

* * * * * *

truth of description is sacrificed to brilliant impossibilities.

The reader who is too refined to laugh at the wit of Sir John, must yet enjoy Hotspur's picture of a coxcomb; and receive high delight from those sentences of self-reproach, and purpose of amendment, which occasionally drop from the lips of the youthful and royal profligate.

If the licentious faults of old-fashioned dialogue should here too frequently offend the strictly nice, they must, at least, confer the tribute of their praises upon every soliloquy. It is impossible for puritanism not to be merry, when Falstaff is ever found talking to himself; or holding discourse over the honoured dead. It is nearly as impossible for stupidity to be insensible of the merit of those sentiments delivered by the prince, over the same extended corse; or to be unmoved by various other beauties with which this work abounds.

In order to form a proper judgment of the manners and conversations of the characters in this play, and to partake of their genuine spirit, the reader must keep in mind that the era, in which all those remarkable personages lived, thought, spoke, and acted, has now been passed more than four hundred years.—The play begins with the news of Hotspur having defeated the Scots, under the Earl of Douglas, which battle was fought on the fourteenth of September, 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur, which happened on the twenty-first of July, 1408—thus comprising every event here introduced within the time of ten months.

It will be vain to endeavour to prevent many tender-hearted readers, who sigh over the horrors of a battle, from wishing, that the prince's challenge to Hotspur had produced the single combat he desired, and that the victory of the day had been so decided.

Such tender and compassionate persons should not suffer their estimation of honour thus to sink into an equality with the cowardly Falstaff's; but they should call to mind—that, though it was, in ancient times, considered as a token of valour, for a prince at the head of an army, to challenge to single contest the chief warrior on the opposite side, yet, in modern days, when a powerful monarch threw his gauntlet down, to save the effusion of blood, this act of self-sacrifice was considered as a token of mere madness.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY IV. KING OF ENGLAND	*Mr Murray.*
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES	*Mr C. Kemble.*
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER	*Mr Curties.*
EARL OF WESTMORELAND	*Mr Waddy.*
ARCHIBALD, EARL OF DOUGLAS	*Mr Claremont.*
EARL OF WORCESTER	*Mr Cory.*
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND	*Mr Cresswell.*
HOTSPUR	*Mr Kemble.*
SIR WALTER BLUNT	*Mr Chapman.*
SIR RICHARD VERNON	*Mr Brunton.*
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF	*Mr Cooke.*
SHERIFF	*Mr Field.*
POINS	*Mr Farley.*
RABY	*Mr Klanert.*
TRAVELLERS	*Mr Abbot.* *Mr Lewiss.* *Mr Reeves.* *Mr Powers.*
GADSHILL	*Mr Wilde.*
BARDOLPH	*Mr Davenport.*
PETO	*Mr Atkins.*
FIRST CARRIER	*Mr Emery.*
SECOND CARRIER	*Mr Beverly.*
FRANCIS	*Mr Knight.*
OSTLER	*Mr Trueman.*
LADY PERCY	*Miss Waddy.*
HOSTESS	*Mrs Davenport.*

GENTLEMEN.—SOLDIERS.

SCENE—England.

KING HENRY IV.

THE FIRST PART.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Palace in London.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

KING HENRY, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR RICHARD VERNON, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and other* GENTLEMEN *discovered.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant.
No more the thirsty entrants of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces:
Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go:
Therefore we meet not now.—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, laden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven, and unwelcome news,
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake, the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earls
Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest'd a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. Oh, that it could be proved,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes, our children, where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he, in this adventure, hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake, Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, awhile, we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem. [*Rises.*
Cousin, on Wednesday next, our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lord:
But come yourself with speed to us again;

For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than, out of anger, can be uttered.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment belonging to the PRINCE OF WALES.

Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES *and* SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars, and not by Phœbus,—he, that wand'ring knight so fair. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, Heaven save thy grace,——majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,——

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the

moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress, the moon; under whose countenance we——steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well: and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a plague have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the lord, I'll be a brave judge!

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort, it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascallest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to Heaven thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day, in the street, about you, sir, but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—Heaven forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain! I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINS.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.——What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads Hill,—There are pilgrims going to Canterbury, with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep; if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns: if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee; nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not cry stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days, I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not. [*Retires.*

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Advances.*

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner atchieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood: our vizors we will change, after we leave them; and I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll for-

swear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me in Eastcheap. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Council Chamber.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

KING HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, EARL OF WORCESTER, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, HOTSPUR, SIR W. BLUNT, SIR R. VERNON, *and other* GENTLEMEN, *discovered.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience; but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And, therefore, lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too, which our own hands
Hath holp to make so portly.

North. My lord,——

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir,
Your presence is too bold and peremptory;
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.——
[*Exit* WORCESTER.
You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners, in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd,
As is deliver'd to your majesty.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom: and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which, ever and anon,
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
And still he smiled and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms,
He question'd me; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—(Heaven save the mark!)—
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;

And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost,
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war:—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid her crisp head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

K. Hen. [*Rises.*] Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son:—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt all but* NORTHUMBERLAND *and* HOTSPUR.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them:—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile.
Here comes your uncle.

Enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood, drop by drop, i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king,
(Whose wrongs in us Heaven pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be deposed, and, shortly, murdered.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother, Edmund Mortimer,
Heir to the crown?

North. He did: myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starved.
But shall't, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,
(As both of you, Heaven pardon it! have done,)

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off,
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:—
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now will I unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink, or swim:—
Send Danger from the east unto the west,
So Honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple;—Oh! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:—
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,——
Hot. I'll keep them all;
By Heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:——
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!—Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him.
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood:
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke!——
In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke;—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.
North. At Berkley Castle.
Hot. You say true;—
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—" when his infant fortune came to age,"—

And,—"gentle Harry Percy,"—and, "kind cou-
sin,"—
Oh, the devil take such cozeners!——Heaven forgive
me!——
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, i'faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.—
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, (for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written,) be assured,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop——
Hot. Of York, is't not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it; upon my life it will do well.
North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st
slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, hà?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads, by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be revenged on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell:—no further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans, applaud our sport!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Inn Yard at Rochester.

Enter a CARRIER, *with a Lantern in his Hand.*

1 *Car.* Heigho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, Ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another CARRIER.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog,

and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas; I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.—What, Ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliver'd as far as Charing Cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, Ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, Carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth'a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah Carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the gentlemen; they'll along with company, for they have great charge. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Road by Gads Hill.

Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, *and* POINS, *disguised.*

Poins. Come, come, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close. [POINS *retires a little.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *disguised.*

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!

P. Hen. He has walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to go and look for* POINS.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed.

with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted. [*He advances to* FALSTAFF.

Fal. I prythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison; when a jest is so forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

Enter POINS, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO, *disguised.*

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. Oh, 'tis our setter; I know his voice. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

F. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Fal. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt the* PRINCE *and* POINS.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

[*They put on their Masks, and draw their Swords.*

Enter Four TRAVELLERS.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Fal. &c. Stand.

Trav. Thieves!—Murder!—Help!—

[*The* TRAVELLERS *run back again, followed by* BARDOLPH, GADSHILL, *and* PETO.

Fal. Down with them; cut the villains' throats; ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth; down with them; fleece them:—young men must live: you are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure you, i'faith. [*Exit.*

Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, *and* POINS, *in Buckram Suits.*

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men: Now, could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

[*They retire a little.*

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO, *with Bags of Money.*

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. [*They sit down on the Ground.*] An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

P. Hen. Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the* PRINCE *and* POINS *set upon them. The Rest run away; and* FALSTAFF, *after a Blow or two, runs away too, leaving the Booty behind them.*

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse;

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a Letter.*

——*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*—He could be contented,—why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house!—he shows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so? say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters,

to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. Oh, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king; we are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often, when thou sitt'st alone? In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; Speak terms of manege to thy bounding steed; Cry, "Courage!—To the field!" And thou hast talk'd Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the 'currents of a heady fight. Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!—

Enter RABY.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Rab. He is my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Rab. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Rab. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.—
Well, I will back him straight.—O *esperance!*—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit* RADY.
Lady. But hear you, my lord.
Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?
Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weazle hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are toss'd with.—In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprise: but if you go——
Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler.—Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?
Lady. Do you not love me? do you not indeed?
Well, do not, then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee come out of that fat room,
And lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINS.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly, I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of metle, a

good boy,—by the lord so they call me,—and, when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language, during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, —to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—"Eight shillings and sixpence,"—and "You are welcome;" with this shrill addition, "Anon, anon, sir,"—"Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon," or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit* POINS.

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter! But, Francis, dar'st thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.——'Pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gav'st me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir, I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis?—No, Francis: but, tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis—,

Fran. My lord!

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for look you, Francis, your white canvass doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him*; FRANCIS *stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter HOSTESS.

Host. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a

calling?—Look to the guests within. [*Exit* FRANCIS.] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit* HOSTESS.] Poins,——

Enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah! Falstaff, and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But, hark ye; what cunning match have ye made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.—What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up stairs and down stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife—"Fie upon this quiet life!—I want work."—"O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?"—"Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle!" I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer, his wife. Rivo, says the drunkard.—Call in ribs, call in tallow!

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO, *and* FRANCIS.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a ven-

geance, too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-socks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter—pitiful-hearted Titan!—that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: Heaven help the while! a bad world, I say!—A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects before thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more.—You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward?—answer me to that; and Poins there?

P. Hen. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me

them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I have drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I! [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poor four of us. [*Exit* FRANCIS.

P. Hen What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. 'Pray, Heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me——

P. Hen. What, four! thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal! I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven! why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I'm a villain else.

P. Hen. I'll prythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to.—These nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Hen. So, two more already!

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back,

and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool: thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech—,

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad?—Is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand! come, tell us your reason? What say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck—

P Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set-on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—— Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—— Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and

roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack, what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'st I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life: I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry?—Shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be—thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter HOSTESS.

Host. My lord the prince——

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess; what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Prythee do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* HOSTESS.

P. Hen. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph; you are lions too—you ran away upon instinct—you will not touch the true prince; no—fie!

Bard. 'Faith I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now, in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed: and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven years before—I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: thou hast fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away:—What instinct hast thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack—here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could

have crept into an alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower,

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too; and one Mordake, and a thousand blue caps more; Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Hen. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidens as they buy hobnails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit

Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Enter HOSTESS.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal, never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff so; if not let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff. [*Exit* HOSTESS.] Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF BARDOLPH, GADSHILL, *and* PETO.

Enter SHERIFF *and Two* TRAVELLERS.

P. Hen. Now, master Sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry hath followed certain men into this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord: a gross fat man.

Trav. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. Sheriff, I do engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: Here are two gentlemen
Have, in this robbery, lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt* SHERIFF *and* TRAVELLERS.

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's: go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!——Fast asleep behind the arras, and snoring like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath! search his pockets. [POINS *goes out and searches his Pockets.*] What hast thou found?

Enter POINS.

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. *Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.*
Item, sauce, 4d.
Item, sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.
Item, anchovies and sack after supper, 2s 6d.
Item, bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there

is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve score. The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Presence Chamber.

KING HENRY, HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and other* GENTLEMEN, *discovered.*

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference: but be near
At hand; for we shall presently have need of you.
[*Exeunt all but the* KING *and* PRINCE OF WALES.
I know not whether Heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood

He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. Heaven pardon thee!—Yet, let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and princes of my blood.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, "This is he!"
Others would say—"Where? which is Bolingbroke?"
Not an eye

But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth what I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall, hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas!
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
And Heaven forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes! and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of Heaven, I promise here:
The which, if He be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—
Thou shalt have charge, and sov'reign trust, herein.

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland sets forth to day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;

For this advertisement is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, my Harry, you shall set
Forward: on Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?—Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John.—Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse.—The inside of a church!—Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there it is:—come, sing me a song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a *bordello*, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived

well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.'

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral—thou bear'st the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.—When thou ran'st up Gads Hill in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. 'God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter HOSTESS.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house?—I have searched, I have enquired, so has my husband,

man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, Hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked: go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolsters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, Holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He! alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, *playing on his Truncheon, like a Fife, and* FALSTAFF *meets him.*

How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith?—Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pounds apiece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What? he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank Heaven on.

Host. I am no thing to thank Heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John? why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou say'st true, Hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you owed him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st as thou'art but man, I dare; but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Hen. Oh, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, imboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor

Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and, therefore, more frailty.—You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so, by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast: love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest, I am pacify'd.—Still?—Nay, I pr'ythee, begone. [*Exit* HOSTESS.] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad—How is that answered?

P. Hen. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse! Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, Heaven be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go, bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
My brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.
[*Exit* BARDOLPH.
Jack,
Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-Hall,
At two o'clock i'the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive

Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they or we must lower lie.
[*Exit the* PRINCE.
Fal. Rare words! brave world!——Hostess, my breakfast! come:—
O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

HOTSPUR'S *Camp, near Shrewsbury.*

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS, HOTSPUR, EARL OF WORCESTER, GENTLEMEN, *and* SOLDIERS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By Heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:

Enter RABY.

What letters hast thou there?

Rab These letters come from your father.

Hot Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Rab. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. Sick! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a jostling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Rab. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

Wor. I prythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Rab. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And, at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited!
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—
He writes me here,—that inward sickness,—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn;—
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That, with our small conjunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
This absence of your father's, draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use:—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom; with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

[*A Trumpet sounds.*

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON *and Two* GENTLEMEN.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul!

Ver. 'Pray Heaven, my news be worth a welcome, lord!
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, Prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed, mad-cap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like estridges, that with the wind
Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall,—hot horse to horse—
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near: die all, die merrily.
[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through: we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Wilt thou give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souced gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good house-holders, yeomen's sons: enquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns: such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck: I press me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of an-

cients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded, unjust, servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company, and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper, of Daventry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter HENRY PRINCE *of* WALES, *and the* EARL *of* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy! I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy

theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man! mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear we shall stay too long. [*Exeunt the* PRINCE *and* WESTMORELAND.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of HOTSPUR'S *Camp.*

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter HOTSPUR, EARL *of* WORCESTER, EARL *of* DOUGLAS, SIR RICHARD VERNON, GENTLEMEN, SOLDIERS, *and* STANDARD-BEARERS.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition! certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage, with hard labour, tame and dull,
That, not a horse is half the half himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For Heaven's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*Trumpet sounds a Parley.*

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT *and two* GENTLEMEN.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and 'would to Heaven,
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us, like an enemy.

Blunt. And Heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesses to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears:
And,—when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor, unminded, outlaw, sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to Heaven,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm,
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He, presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow,
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some straight decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.——
In short time after, he deposed the king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king,) to be engaged in Wales,
There without ransom, to lie forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage, dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety: and, withal, to pry
Into his title too, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the King; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,

And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes; and so, farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and
love.
Hot. And, may be, so we shall.
Blunt. 'Pray Heaven, you do!
[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*
[*Exeunt* SIR W. BLUNT *and two* GENTLEMEN,
HOTSPUR, *and his Friends.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

KING HENRY'S *Tent.*

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

KING HENRY, HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, GENTLEMEN, *and* SOLDIERS, *discovered.*

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;

And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
[*A Trumpet sounds a Parley.*

Enter EARL *of* WORCESTER *and* SIR RICHARD VERNON.

K. Hen. How now, my Lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: you have deceived our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel;
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war;
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it, sir! how comes it, then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleased your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were, in place and in account,

Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,
(And you did swear that oath at Doncaster)
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state:
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help, what with the absent king,—
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation;
And never yet did insurrection want

Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;
No moody beggars starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul,
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this, before my father's majesty,——
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee;
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do:—But, if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, begone:
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:

The Douglas and the Hotspur, both together,
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, we will set on them:
And Heaven befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt the* KING, PRINCE JOHN, SIR W. BLUNT, GENTLEMEN, *and* SOLDIERS.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest Heaven a death.

[*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter: Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set-to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

HOTSPUR'S *Camp*.

Enter EARL OF WORCESTER *and* SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Wor. O, no; my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best he did.
Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:—
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.
Ver. Deliver what you will,—I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR, EARL OF DOUGLAS, GENTLEMEN, SOLDIERS.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.
Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, then go you, and tell him so
Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.
[*Exit*
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? Heaven forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.
The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.
Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?
Wor. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies.
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night,

I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Enter EARL *of* DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.
Hot. Arm, arm with speed!—
O, gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!

Enter RABY.

Rab. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking;—only this,—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*The Drums, Trumpets, &c. sound. They embrace.*
Now,—Esperanza!—Percy!—and set on.
[*Trumpets, Drums, &c.—Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Field of Battle, near Shrewsbury.

Alarums.

Enter EARL *of* DOUGLAS *and* SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas:
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him; so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king, that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*Alarums.—They fight.*—BLUNT *is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O, Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot!

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.
Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.
[*Alarums.—Exeunt* HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS.

Other Alarums.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead,—Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter HENRY, PRINCE *of* WALES, *with his Sword broken.*

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here! lend me thy sword.
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unrevenged: lend me thy sword.

Fal. O, Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The* PRINCE *draws out a Bottle of Sack.*

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest and dally now? [*The* PRINCE *throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not,—if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Alarums.—Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums—Excursions.

Enter HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, *and* HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and 'would to Heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.
[*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter EARL OF DOUGLAS; *he strikes at* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead.—Exit* DOUGLAS. —PERCY *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh:——
O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—— [HOTSPUR *dies.*
P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—
[*He sees* FALSTAFF *on the Ground.*
What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.

Death has not struck so fat a deer to-day;
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

FALSTAFF, *rising slowly.*

Fal. Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may he not rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah—[*Stabs* HOTSPUR.]—with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his Back.*

Enter HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, *and* PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
On the ground.—
Art thou alive, or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eye-sight? Pr'ythee, speak:
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain: I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*Throwing the Body down.*] If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy, I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
[*Trumpets sound a Retreat.*
The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.
[*Exeunt* PRINCES HENRY *and* JOHN.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He, that rewards me, Heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.
[*Exit, bearing off* HOTSPUR'S *Body.*

SCENE V.

KING HENRY'S *Tent.*

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

KING HENRY, HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *with* WORCESTER, VERNON, *and others, Prisoners;* GENTLEMEN, *and* SOLDIERS, *discovered.*

King H. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Wor. What I have done, my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.
K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;
Other offenders we will pause upon.—
[*Exeunt* WORCESTER, VERNON, *and others, guarded.*
How goes the field?
P. Hen. The gallant Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Has taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms;
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt.*

THE END.

KING HENRY IV.

THE SECOND PART;

A HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS,

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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REMARKS.

THIS Second Part of Henry the Fourth, like the First, has different effects, in producing pleasure or distaste, to different auditors.

Of the number of persons who form an audience, few can appreciate the merit of Shakspeare's plays, so as to be greatly moved, where neither love nor murder is the subject of the scene. To many spectators, all Falstaff's humour is comprised in his unwieldy person; nor do they cast their imaginations back to former times, so as to feel and enjoy, as perfectly natural, those actual occurrences, and true touches of nature, with which the plot and dialogue of this drama, as well as its foregoing part, abound.

The classical devotee, on the other hand, admires every incident he beholds, every line he hears, and perceives meaning in words, where, perhaps, none was intended,—that not an atom of Shakspeare may be lost, but every sentence conduce to his amusement.

To accommodate the first class of auditors and readers, this little preface is, of course, written; that, recalling to their memory some historical facts, previous to either reading or seeing the play, may be the means of exciting their attention to a dramatic treasure.

The characters here delineated, it is to be remembered, lived four centuries ago, and the transactions exhibited took place within the space of nine years.

The First Part of Henry the Fourth, having ended with the death of Hotspur, and defeat of the rebels, this following part commences at a period but little distant, and closes with the death of Henry the Fourth, and the coronation of his son, the once depraved Prince of Wales.

After the three first acts have displayed the comic persons of the drama, with all the modes and manners of the years annexed to 1400; combining, with such persons and fashions, minds, characters, and propensities, which belong to every age—the fourth act accurately describes the following remarkable event, taken from history.

Holinshed, writing on the death of Henry the Fourth, says, "During his last sickness, he caused his crown to be set on a pillow, on his bed's head, and suddenly, his pangs so sore troubled him, that he lay as though all his vital spirits had been from him departed. Such as were about him thinking verily he had been departed, covered his face with a linen cloth.—The prince his son being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, took away the crown."—Here the poet concludes, and most awfully enforces the death-bed scene.

In the last act, the conversation of Henry the Fifth with the lord chief justice, is founded on the well-known occurrence which took place between him and Sir William Gascoigne, in the court of King's

Bench, when Henry was Prince of Wales. Sir William was supreme judge of that court, in the reign of Henry the Fourth:—"In which station he acquired the character of a learned, an upright, a wise, and intrepid man. But, above all his other virtues, he is memorable for his dignified courage, in having committed the royal heir apparent to prison, for daring to insult him in his office."

The discarding of his vile companions, by the newly crowned king, as this act describes, is likewise authenticated by history—and although such an incident is, perhaps, the best moral which can be drawn from any part of the whole play, it is, nevertheless, such a one, as does not come with entire welcome to the breast of every spectator.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY IV. KING OF ENGLAND	*Mr Kemble.*
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES	*Mr C. Kemble.*
PRINCE THOMAS	*Mr Claremont.*
PRINCE JOHN	*Mr Brunton.*
PRINCE HUMPHREY	*Mr Menage.*
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK	*Mr Cory.*
EARL OF WESTMORELAND	*Mr H. Siddons.*
LORD MOWBRAY	*Mr Chapman.*
LORD HASTINGS	*Mr Creswell.*
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE	*Mr Murray.*
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF	*Mr Cooke.*
POINS	*Mr Farley.*
GOWER	*Mr Klanert.*
PAGES	*Mr Curties.* / *Mr Field.*
JUSTICE SHALLOW	*Mr Munden.*
JUSTICE SILENCE	*Mr Emery.*
APPARITORS	*Mr Atkins.* / *Mr Lewiss.*
FANG	*Mr Platt.*
SNARE	*Mr Powers.*
BARDOLPH	*Mr Davenport.*
PISTOL	*Mr Wilde.*
ROBIN	*Master P. Benson.*
DAVY	*Mr Beverly.*
MOULDY	*Mr Abbot.*
SHADOW	*Mr Wilkinson.*
WART	*Mr Truman.*
FEEBLE	*Mr Simmons.*
BULLCALF	*Mr Harley.*
MRS QUICKLY	*Mrs Davenport.*
DOLL TEARSHEET.	*Mrs Beverly.*

GENTLEMEN.—GUARDS.—SHALLOW'S SERVANTS.

SCENE—England.

KING HENRY IV.

THE SECOND PART.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Street in London.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, *and his* PAGE *following him, with his Sword and Buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou

whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels.—What said Master Dommelton about the satin for my short cloak, and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally, yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security.—Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he has his own lantern to light him.——Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: If I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, horsed, and wived.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince, for striking him about Bardolph.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *and Two* APPARITORS.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

App. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery? Call him back again.

App. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any

thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

App. Sir John——

Fal. What, a young knave, and beg? Is there not wars? Is there not employment?

App. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.—Hence! avaunt!

App. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—Heaven give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, Heaven mend him!—I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy, as I take it, is a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince has misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. My lord, you, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we, that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems. To approve my

youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him.—For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, Heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, against the Archbishop, and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea;—I thank your pretty sweet wit for it;—but look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to Heaven, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scoured to death with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and Heaven bless your expedition.

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too

impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt the* CHIEF JUSTICE *and* APPARITORS.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery.—Boy!—

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go, bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the Prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula,—whom I have weekly sworn to marry, since I perceived the first white hair on my chin:—About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit* PAGE.] A plague of this gout! it plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK'S *Palace, in Yorkshire.*

The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, LORD HASTINGS, THOMAS MOWBRAY (*Earl Marshal*), *and two other* GENTLEMEN *discovered, seated.*

They rise.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.
Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.
Mow. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;—
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.
Hast. With him, we may.
Mow. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if, without him, we be thought too feeble?—
My judgment is, we should not step too far,
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For, in a theme so bloody-faced as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise,
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.
Archb. 'Tis very true, Lord Marshal; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.
Mow. It was, my lord; who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in project of a power,
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.
Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.
Mow. Yes, in this present quality of war,
Indeed of instant action: A cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them.

Hast. I think, we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.
Archb. What! is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?
Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, my lord;
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us.
Archb. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?
Hast. Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland;
Against the Welch, himself, and Harry Monmouth;
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.
Archb. Let us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited;——
A habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O, thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat Heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be,—
And, being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up!
What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave;
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When, through proud London, he came sighing on,
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,

Cry'st now, " O earth, give us that king again,
And take thou this !"—O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street in London.

Enter HOSTESS, FANG, *and* SNARE.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.—Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Fang. An I but fist him once;—an a' come but within my vice;—

Host. I am undone by his going: I warrant you, he's an infinite thing upon my score:—Good Master Fang, hold him sure:—good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pye Corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner, to the Lubbar's Head, in Lumbart Street, to Master Smooth's, the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him.

Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang, and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and the* PAGE.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph, cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel?—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill Heaven's officers, and the king's?

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, *and Two* APPARITORS.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me, I beseech you.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have; he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course, to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday, in Whitsun week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound: And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book oath; deny it if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you; she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng

of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: You have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses, both in purse and person.

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*

Enter GOWER, *with Letters.*

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower? What news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry, Prince of Wales,
Are near at hand: the rest, the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman,——

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, in water work, is worth a thousand of these bed hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it

be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and 'draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. 'Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt* HOSTESS, BARDOLPH, FANG, SNARE, *and* PAGE.

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king to-night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord,—

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt the* CHIEF JUSTICE, GOWER, *Two* APPARITORS, *and* FALSTAFF.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A t Apartment of the PRINCE OF WALES'S, *in London.*

Enter HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours

the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee,—(as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's books as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: But, I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought; every man would think me an hypocrite indeed.—Well, let the end try the man.

Poins. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had

him from me Christian; and look if the fat villain have not transformed him ape!

Enter BARDOLPH *and* PAGE.

Bard. Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!—And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

P. Hen. Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] *John Falstaff, Knight,*—Every man must know that, as often as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, "There's some of the king's blood spilt:" "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

P. Hen Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

Poins. *Sir John Falstaff, Knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry, Prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate!

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:*—he sure means brevity in breath; short winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times, as thou*

may'st, and so farewell—*Thine by yea and no,* (*which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,*) *Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John, with all Europe.*

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company? Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly, and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

P. Hen. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph,—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence. [*Gives his purse.*

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go.

[*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* PAGE.

How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for, in every thing,

the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt the* PRINCE *and* POINS.

SCENE II.

The Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

HOSTESS *and* DOLL TEARSHEET *discovered, seated.*

Host. I' faith, sweet heart, methinks, now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that was well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, *with a jug of sack.*

Fal. *When Arthur first in court*—Why, Hostess,—*and was a worthy king*,—How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. [*To* DOLL.

Dol. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack; thou

art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Enter PAGE.

Page. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now;—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hostess?——

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day: and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—"Neighbour Quickly," says he,—Master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—"Neighbour Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," said he, "you are in an ill name;"—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive," says he, "no swaggering companions."—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, Hostess; a tame cheater, he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy-greyhound; he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, boy. [*Exit* PAGE.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, Hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an't were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* PAGE.

Pist. 'Save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine Hostess.

Host. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd—Captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain! for what?

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first; to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures

vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain, be quiet; it is very late: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.—
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my trôth, captain, these are very bitter words.—I pray be quiet.

Pist. Feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:
Come, give's some sack.
—Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.—
Fear we broad-sides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack.

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy nief: What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrew?—Then death,
Rock me asleep; abridge my doleful days!
Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!
[*Drawing his sword.*

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* PAGE, *drive* PISTOL *out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet rogue, you!—Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies.

Fal. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. When wilt thou leave fighting, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, *and* POINS, *disguised like Drawers.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!—his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him; for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his wench.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap tomorrow.—Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return,—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—and art not thou Poins, his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears. [*They throw off their disguises.*

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! welcome to London.—Now Heaven bless that sweet face of thine! what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon* DOLL.

Dol. How, you fat fool, I scorn you!

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how

vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-Hill: you knew I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose to try my patience?

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. No? to dispraise me; and call me—— pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is mine hostess here of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

[*A loud knocking.*

Fal. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Hostess.

Enter GOWER.

P. Hen. Gower, how now? what news?

Gow. The king your father is at Westminster: And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north: and as I came along,

I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By Heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt the* PRINCE, POINS, *and* GOWER.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked.

[*More knocking at the door without.*

More knocking at the door?—How now? what's the matter?

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

[*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Farewell, Hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches:—If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak:—If my heart be not ready to burst,—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tearsheet,——

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

JUSTICE SHALLOW'S *Seat in Glostershire.*

Enter SHALLOW, *meeting* SILENCE.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar; he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and Black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were; and had the best of them all at commandment.

Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John; the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day I did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure; very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks, at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapp'd i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen, and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter DAVY, BARDOLPH, *and* PAGE.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good back-sword man: how doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, i' faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo:* very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated,—that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is,—being —whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good Sir John.——

Enter FALSTAFF.

Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow;—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you. [*They sit.*

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy!—let them appear as I call;—[*Exit* DAVY.] let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see;—Where is Mouldy?

Enter MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, *and* BULLCALF, *as they are called.*

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha! ha! ha! most excellent, i'faith! things that are mouldy, lack use: very singular good!—Well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. My old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; know you where you are?—For the other, Sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him; —for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha! ha! ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Feeble. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A tailor, sir.

Fal. Well said, tailor! well said, most forcible Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick him, master Shallow.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bullcalf, till he roar again.

Bull. O lord!—good my lord captain.—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir: which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. There is one more called than your number;

you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner. [*They rise.*

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good truth, Master Shallow.

Shal. Oh, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill, in St George's Fields?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She could never away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old: she cannot chuse but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch-word was, "Hem, boys!"—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, SILENCE, *and* PAGE.

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French

crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lieve be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; [*Takes the Money.*] Stand aside.

Moul. And good Master Corporal Captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; [*Takes the Money.*] Stand aside.

Feeble. I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe Heaven a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so;—an't be not, so: no man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he, that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, *and* PAGE.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound, to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bullcalf!—For you, Mouldy, stay at home still; you are past service:—and, for your part, Bullcalf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to chuse a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the tailor, run off! Oh, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Feeble's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Feeble, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to;—very good:—exceeding good.—Oh, give me always a little, lean, old, chopped, bald shot! —Well said, Feeble.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember, at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn, (I was then Sir Dagonet, in Arthur's show,) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: rah, tah, tah, would 'a say; bounce, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come;—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.—Heaven keep you, Master Silence; I will not use many words with you;—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, Heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SILENCE, MOULDY, *and* BULLCALF.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.—On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, RECRUITS, *and* PAGE.] I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made, after supper, of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: he was the very genius of famine:—And now is this vice's dagger become a 'squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once, in the Tilt Yard; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you might have trussed him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's stone to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

A March—then a Parley.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and other* GENTLEMEN, *meeting* WESTMORELAND, GOWER, *and other* GENTLEMEN.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The Prince, Lord John of Lancaster.
Archb. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?
West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanced by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, Lord Archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?

Archb. I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles,
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd access unto his person
Even by those men, that most have done us wrong.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs: to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you over-ween, to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong; our cause the best;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good:—
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name:

I muse, you make so slight a question.

Archb. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule;
For this contains our general grievances:—
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace,—which Heaven so frame!—
Or to the place of difference call the swords,
Which must decide it.

Archb. My lord, we will do so.

[*Trumpets sound.*——*Exeunt* WESTMORELAND, GOWER, *and other* GENTLEMEN.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king, taste of this action:
That were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Archb. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Archb. 'Tis very true;—
And therefore be assured, my good Lord Marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.

[*Trumpets sound a Parley.*]

Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth your lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Archb. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt* WESTMORELAND, *the* ARCHBISHOP, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and their Friends.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Enter on one Side, the ARCHBISHOP, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and other* GENTLEMEN:—*from the other Side,* PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, GOWER, GENTLEMEN, *and* GUARDS.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:—
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here, an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.

Archb. My Lord of Lancaster, I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the court;
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well;
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd.

West If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let us embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love and amity.

Archb. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word.

Hast. Go, gentlemen, deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them. [*Exeunt* GENTLEMEN.

West. I have bestow'd great pains to breed this peace,
My Lord Archbishop: but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Archb. I do not doubt you.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*]

P. John. The word of peace is render'd; hark, their drums!

Mow. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Archb. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us; that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.

Archb. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—
And you, Lord Archbishop,—and you, Lord Mowbray.—
Of capital treason I attach you both.

[*The* GUARDS *surround, and disarm them.*

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

Archb. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none;
I promised you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder-up of breath.

[*Flourish, of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt the* ARCHBISHOP, MOWBRAY, *and* HASTINGS, *guarded by* GOWER, GENTLEMEN, *and* SOLDIERS.

Enter FALSTAFF.

P. John. Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:—
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; and, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile, of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that, he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,——I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.—
And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords;
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

[*Exeunt* WESTMORELAND, *and* GENTLEMEN.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire: and, when you come to court, stand, my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt* PRINCE JOHN, GENTLEMEN, *and* GUARDS.

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he

drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches; they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face: which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: so that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil: till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The KING'S *Apartments.*

KING HENRY, *and Two* PAGES *in waiting, discovered.*

K. Hen. Who of you wait?

1 *Page.* We are here, my gracious liege.

K. Hen. Come nearer.—Is my son of Gloster, Humphrey,
Yet gone to rest?

2 *Page.* Not yet, my liege; even now
He parted hence, with prayers for your recovery.

K. Hen. Seek him, and bring him to us.

2 *Page.* We shall, my liege. [*Exeunt* PAGES.

K. Hen. How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
Oh, thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds,—and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,—
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes,—
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,—
And, in the calmest, and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?—Then, happy, low, lie down:
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOSTER, PRINCE THOMAS OF CLARENCE, *the* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, *and the* PAGES.

P. Humph. What would your grace?
K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?
P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.
K. Hen. And how accompanied?
P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.
K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

P. Thom. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy:
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observed;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet, notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observed:—
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

P. Thom. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

P. Thom. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Thom. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

Ch. Just. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:—
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—

Enter EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *with Letters.*

Who's here?—Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
Added to that which I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,

Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here, at more leisure, may your highness read;
With every course, in his particular.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.—
And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full?
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.

[*Sinks down.*

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

P. Thom. O my royal father!

Ch. Just. Be patient, princes; you do know these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

P. Thom. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.

Ch. Just. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

K. Hen. I pray you, bear me to my couch, my sons.—[*They support the King to his Couch.*
Softly, pray.—
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

West. Call for the music in the other room.

[*Exeunt* PAGES.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow, here.

[WESTMORELAND *puts the Crown upon the Pillow.*

P. Thom. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

Ch. Just. Less noise, less noise. [*Music without.*

Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES.

P. Hen. Who saw my brother Clarence?
P. Thom. I am here, brother.
P. Hen. How doth the king?
P. Humph. Exceeding ill.
P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
West. Not so much noise, my lords;—sweet prince, speak low;
The king, your father, is disposed to sleep.
P. Thom. Let us withdraw into the other room.
West. Will't please your grace to go along with us?
P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.— [*Exeunt all but the* PRINCE.
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation; golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.—By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound, indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which Heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.
[*Exit the* PRINCE.

K. Hen. Westmoreland! Gloster! Clarence!

Enter PRINCE THOMAS, PRINCE HUMPHREY, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *and* PAGES.

P. Thom. Doth the king call?

P. Humph. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

P. Thom. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The Prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.

West. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

West. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath taken it hence:—go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?——
Find him, my Lord of Westmoreland: chide him hither. [*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you
are!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains
with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engross'd and piled up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold:
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises;
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey,
pack'd,
We bring it to the hive: and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.

Enter EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Now where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend's sickness hath determined me?

West. My lord, I found the prince in the next
room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops.

Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES.

He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the
crown?—

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:
Depart the chamber; leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt all but the* KING *and the* PRINCE.

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
thought.

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the Fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
Oh, my poor kingdom,
Oh, thou wilt be a wilderness again!
Thou foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou loved'st me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

P. Hen. Oh, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
[*Kneeling.*
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard

The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He, that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
Oh, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
I spake unto this crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. "The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
And eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor:
But, if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,—
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,—
Let Heaven for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son,
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.—
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe.—

[*The* PRINCE *sits by the* KING.

Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,

I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed:
All these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answer'd:—
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.—
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O Heaven, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, PRINCE HUMPHREY, PRINCE THOMAS, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *and* PAGES.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster!

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John:
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown

From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.——
Where is my Lord of Westmoreland?
P. Hen. My Lord of Westmoreland,—
K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
West. 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.
K. Hen. Laud be to Heaven!—even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.——
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.
[*Music without.—Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Orchard at SHALLOW'S *Seat, in Glostershire.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* PAGE.

Shal. By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away tonight.——What, Davy, I say!
Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.
Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no

excuse shall serve! you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook; bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook:——Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.——Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid:—Sir John, you shall not be excused.—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd hens; a joint of m. ton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man-of-war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor, of Woncot, against Clement Perkes, of the Hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, Heaven forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to: I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit* DAVY.] Where are you, Sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the* PAGE.]—Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW, BARDOLPH, *and* PAGE.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter. Oh, it is much that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! Oh, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak, ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow.

Enter Four SERVANTS, *with Tables, Cups, Wine, Ale, &c.* SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, PAGE, *and* DAVY.

Shal. Nay, Sir John, an you will stay in my or-

chard, here are seats:—we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of carraways, and so forth; come, cousin Silence.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air.—Spread, Davy, spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husband-man.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack to-day:——a good varlet. Now sit down: now sit down:——come, cousin.

[*They sit, the* SERVANTS *waiting.*

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall— [*Singing.*

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise Heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap, and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good Master Silence,
I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit;—[BARDOLPH *and* PAGE *sit at another Table.*] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master Page, good Master Page, sit. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all;*
For women are shrews, both short and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Enter DAVY, *with a Dish of Apples.*

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you. [*Setting them before* BARDOLPH.

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [Singing.] *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,*
And drink unto the leman mine:—
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. [Singing.] *Fill the cup, and let it come;*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: Welcome, my little tiny thief: [*To the* PAGE.] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy—

Shal. You'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that; he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing;

be merry. [*One knocks at the door.*] Look who's at the gate there: Ho! who knocks? [*Exit* DAVY.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To* SILENCE, *who has drunk a bumper.*

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me knight, Samingo.*

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? [*They rise.*] Let him come in.— [*Exit* DAVY.

Enter PISTOL *and* DAVY.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Heaven save you, Sir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. —Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By 'r lady, I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O, base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [Singing.] *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John*—

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why, then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir,—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. Fourth in thy teeth!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth;
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, chuse what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine,—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O, joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. [DAVY *and the* [SERVANTS *remove the Tables, &c. and carry* SILENCE *away.*] Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots;

we'll ride all night:—O, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Justice! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Enter the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *meeting the* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

West. How now, my Lord Chief Justice; whither away?

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him.
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

West. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

West. Here comes the heavy issue of dead Harry:—
Oh, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, *and* PRINCE THOMAS.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Westmoreland.
P. Humph. Oh, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed.
P. John. Though no man be assured what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; 'would 'twere otherwise.
P. Thom. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.
Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission:—
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king, my master, that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
West. Here comes the king.

[*Exit the* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

P. John. Good morrow; and Heaven save your majesty!
K. Hen. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.——
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry:—Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all;
For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother too!
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John. We hope no other from your majesty.

K. Hen. Come, let's to council, brothers; where you soon
Shall have an earnest of my true intents. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* PAGE.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace; I will leer upon him, as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. Heaven bless thy lungs, good knight!

Fal. Come here, Pistol: stand behind me.—Oh, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [*To* SHALLOW.] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him;—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection—

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion;—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, nor to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else: putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.—'Tis all in all, and all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter the KING, *the* PRINCES, *the* EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *the* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, GOWER, *and others of the* KING'S *Train.*

Fal. Heaven save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The Heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. Heaven save thee, my sweet boy!

K. Hen. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My King! my Jove! I speak to thee my heart!

K. Hen. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers:

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not, that I am the thing I was;
For Heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots;
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten miles.
For competence of life I will allow you;
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will,—according to your strength and qualities,—
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

[*The* KING *retires with his Train.*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him; look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word; this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner.—Come, ancient Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* PAGE.

Ch. Just. I like this fair proceeding of the king's: Yet still, I fear, 'twill bring no grace to me.

P. John. You have, indeed, my lord, great cause to doubt.

K. Hen. Still all look strangely on me;—and you most; [*To the* CHIEF JUSTICE.
You are, I think, assured I love you not.
Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty has no just cause to hate me.
K. Hen. No?
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison,
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy!
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?
Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son:
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, so silencing your son:
After this cold consideranee, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,—
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.
K. Hen. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,

Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise directions.——
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
[*To the* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And (Heaven consigning to my good intents,)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END.

MERCHANT OF VENICE

THE

MERCHANT OF VENICE;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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REMARKS.

Novels, plays, and songs, are named by the well-known commentators on Shakspeare, as the origin of the fable and incidents of this play. But the "Biographia Dramatica" furnishes the following extract:

"The story is built on a real fact, which happened in some part of Italy,—with this difference indeed, that the intended cruelty was really on the side of the christian, the jew being the unhappy delinquent, who fell beneath his rigid and barbarous resentment. Popular prejudice, however, vindicates our author in the alteration he has made; and the delightful manner in which he has availed himself of the general character of the jews, the very quintessence of which he has enriched his Shylock with, makes more than amends for his deviating from a matter of fact, which he was by no means obliged to adhere to."

From whatever ground Shakspeare took his materials for this drama, he has most dexterously sorted and cemented them to form one excellent whole.

Probability is, indeed, continually violated in "The Merchant of Venice;" but so it should ever be in plays, or not at all—one improbable incident only, among a train of natural occurrences, revolts an audience; but, where all is alike extravagant, comparison is prevented, and extravagance becomes familiar.

Boldness of design, strength of character, excellence of dialogue, with prepossession in favour of the renowned author of this work, shield every fault from

observation, or from producing an ill effect by its intrusion.

Refinement is honourable to our nation; and the delicacy of the English stage at present is the best characteristic of that elegant propriety, with which the public shrink from all savage indecorum of principles or manners, however excited by passions, or by debased sentiments. Yet, with due respect for refined notions, they would indisputably, in Shakspeare's days, have limited and impaired his mighty genius.

The knife to cut—the scales to weigh—and what? part of an enemy's body!

It is worthy a moment's time to figure, in imagination, how a London audience would receive such a scene, as the most admired one in this comedy, were it now brought on the stage for the first time. It is to be feared that the company in the side boxes would faint, or withdraw; the galleries be in a tumult of hissing; whilst the pit would soberly declare—"that though there was great merit in the author's writing, such things could not be tolerated in action."

Macklin was the soul, which, infused into Shylock, first animated this favourite drama—no fiend-like malice, no outrageous cruelty, no diabolical joy in human misery, seemed too excessive for the nature of mankind, when he depicted those extraordinary crimes. In the art of representing this character, his person, features, deportment, and tones of voice, appeared so inartificial, they were so much like those of unaffected man, that his mind seemed human too; and all uninteresting prodigy was done away.

Dramatic authors of former times have generally encouraged the disobedience and treachery of children to their parents. Shakspeare, in his "Lear," has most honourably supported a father's cause, and therefore ought not to receive indiscriminate reproach along with his contemporary poets, or immediate successors; yet of his gentle Jessica may be said—

she proved in her disposition a strong resemblance to the wicked Shylock, or though she had deserted, she never would have robbed him.

The "Jew of Venice," by Lord Landsdown, is an alteration of this play, and was acted in 1701. The noble author made some emendations in the work, but having made the Jew a comic character, as such he caused more laughter than detestation, which wholly destroyed the moral designed by the original author.

One of the pleasantries in the "Jew of Venice" is, where, at a feast, Shylock being placed at a separate table, in consequence of his separate faith, drinks to his money as his only friend.

Dr. Johnson has said, of Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice:"—

"The style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comic part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either the one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event, is in this drama eminently happy.

"Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots in his "Spanish Friar;" which yet, I believe, the critic will find excelled by this play."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE	*Mr. Davenport*
BASSANIO	*Mr. C. Kemble*
GRATIANO	*Mr. Farley.*
LORENZO	*Mr. Taylor.*
SALANIO	*Mr. Treby.*
SALARINO	*Mr. Claremont.*
ANTONIO	*Mr. Pope.*
SHYLOCK	*Mr. Cooke.*
TUBAL	*Mr. Atkins.*
GOBBO	*Mr. Emery.*
LAUNCELOT	*Mr. Munden.*
BALTHAZAR	*Mr. Jefferies.*
LEONARDO	*Mr. Abbot.*
STEPHANO	*Mr. L. Bologna.*
PIETRO	*Mr. Field.*
GAOLER	*Mr. Platt.*
PORTIA	*Miss Smith.*
NERISSA	*Miss Waddy.*
JESSICA	*Mrs. Smith.*

MAGNIFICOES OF VENICE, OFFICERS OF THE COURT OF JUSTICE, *and* MUSICIANS.

SCENE—Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of PORTIA, *on the Continent.*

THE

MERCHANT OF VENICE

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I

A Street in Venice.

Enter SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and* SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me, you say, it wearies you:
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sala. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still

Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows, and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial.
Shall I have the thought
To think on this: and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But, tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is said to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no! I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sala. Why, then, you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Sala. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Sal. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.
Sala. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Enter BASSANIO, GRATIANO, *and* LORENZO.

Sala. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when? [*To* SALA. *and* SAL.
You grow exceeding strange; must it be so?
Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SAL. *and* SALA.
Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;

And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* GRA. *and* LOREN.

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is this same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:

Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: to you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but, if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have;
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am press'd unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair and fairer than that word,

Of wondrous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages;
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors.
O, my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PORTIA'S *House at Belmont.*

Three Caskets, of Gold, Silver, and Lead, set out.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: it is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated

in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother, played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An if you will not have me, choose:" he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove

the weeping philosopher, when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. Heaven defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. Heaven made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober: and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is a little better than a beast: and, the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort

than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so very reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray heaven grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do not you remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so he was called.

Ner. True, madam; he of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter BALTHAZAR.

Por. How now! what news?

Bal. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street in Venice.

Enter SHYLOCK *and* BASSANIO.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath squandered abroad: but ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land thieves; I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: the man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured, you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me: may I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Bass. This is signior Antonio.— *Exit* BASSANIO.

Shy. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice:
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

Enter BASSANIO *and* ANTONIO.

He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating on my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me:—but soft; how many months
Do you desire?—rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom :—Is he yet possess'd
How much you would ?
Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot—three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—but hear you,
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.
Ant. And what of him ? did he take interest ?
Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say
Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings that were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good ?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

An holy soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
On the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe;
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have monies;" you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats;" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies,
I'll lend you thus much monies."
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;

Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'd rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!—'Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew,— [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
This Hebrew will turn christian; he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Street in Venice, with SHYLOCK'S *house.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO *from the house.*

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from the Jew my master: this fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says—"no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;" or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not

run; scorn running with thy heels:" well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; "via," says the fiend; "away;" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me—"my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather "an honest woman's son;" for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says—"Launcelot, budge not;" "budge," says the fiend; "budge not," says my conscience: conscience, say I, you counsel well: fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, heaven bless the mark! is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation! and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: the fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run; fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old GOBBO *with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you: I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not;—I will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning; but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. 'Twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot? [*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters: —talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and heaven be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot;—talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, heaven forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me is my boy (heaven rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Falls on his knees.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing—I am Launcelot, your

boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how thou art changed! how dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present.

Laun. Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as heaven has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO *and* STEPHANO *with* LEONARDO.

Bass. You may do so;—See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit* STEPHANO.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. Heaven bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew; and I have a desire, as my father shall specify—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you.—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—what would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of heaven, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: go, father, with thy son:——
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out:—give him a livery [*To* LEONARDO.
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well, [*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book,—I shall have good fortune: go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a sim-

ple coming in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed:—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and old* GOBBO.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

[*Exit* BASSANIO.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit* LEONARDO

Enter BASSANIO.

Gra. Signior Bassanio,——

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtained it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why then you must:—but hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal! pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, Amen;
Never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt* BASSANIO *and* GRATIANO.

SCENE II.

SHYLOCK'S *House.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee,
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest;
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Most beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew! if a Chris-

tian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived:—but, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu!

[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But, though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a christian, and thy loving wife.

[*Exit* JESSICA.

SCENE III.

A Street in Venice.

Enter SALARINO, SALANIO, GRATIANO, *and* LORENZO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sala. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us:—

Enter LAUNCELOT *and goes to* LORENZO.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify. [*Gives* LORENZO *a letter.*

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;

And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her;—speak it privately, go.—

[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this mask to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll begone about it straight.

Sala. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sala. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: she hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with.—
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou go'st:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

SHYLOCK'S *House.*

SHYLOCK *seated, and* LAUNCELOT *discovered.*—SHYLOCK'S *hat and cane on the table.*

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—
What Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize
As thou hast done with me ;—what, Jessica !—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out—
Why, Jessica, I say !

Laun. Why, Jessica !

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you ? What is your will ?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica ;
There are my keys :—but wherefore should I go ?
I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house :—I am right loath to go ;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go ; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will say, you shall see a mask ; but if you do, then

it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black Monday last, at six o'clock i'the morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masks? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and, when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come. [*Goes for his hat and cane.*

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at the window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit* LAUN.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha? [*Coming forward.*

Jes. His words were, farewell mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you;
"Fast bind, fast find;"
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter lost.

SONG—JESSICA.

Haste, Lorenzo, haste away,
To thy watchful love repair,
Hither come without delay;
Come and ease thy Jessy's care;
Let me, free from tyrant's sway,
Give my doating soul away.

[*Exit* JESSICA.

SCENE V.

A Street in Venice, with SHYLOCK'S *house.*

Enter SALANIO, GRATIANO, *and* SALARINO, *masked.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.
Sal. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Sala. O ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

Enter LORENZO *masked.*

Sala. Here comes Lorenzo;—
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then—
Here dwells my father Jew.

SONG—LORENZO.

My bliss too long my bride denies;
Apace the wasting summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Nor storms nor night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
O, love has fetters stronger far!
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd;
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away, my Jessy, haste away.

JESSICA *at the window.*

Jes. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For whom love I so much? and now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven, and my thoughts, are witness that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
Lor. But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away.
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit* JESSICA *from the window.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.
Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself:
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.
Enter JESSICA.
What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exeunt*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Sal. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
Sala. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certify'd the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Sala. I never heard a passion so confus'd,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
" My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!"
Let good Antonio look he keeps his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday: who told me that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Sala. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapt ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sala. Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sala. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sala. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sala. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Sala. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SAL. *and* SALA.

Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief: and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God!—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where, in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou'stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: four score ducats at a sitting! four score ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in

my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal:—it was my torquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PORTIA'S *House at Belmont.—The Three Caskets of Gold, Silver, and Lead, are set out.*

PORTIA, BASSANIO, NERISSA, GRATIANO, SINGERS, MUSICIANS, PAGES, *and other* ATTENDANTS, *discovered.*

Bass. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone?

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Bass And so have I address'd me.—Fortune now
To my heart's hope!

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so you may miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn.
I speak too long: but 'tis to piece the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.
Come, let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music:

Music, whilst BASSANIO *comments silently on the Caskets.*

Bass. Some god direct my judgment!—Let me see.—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
That may be meant
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dang'rous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty.———
Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit?——
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
And how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new varnish'd!—Much as he deserves—
I'll not assume desert.—
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
I'll none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead
Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstacy;
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. [*Opening the Leaden Casket.*] What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? Here is the scroll,
The [illegible]t and summary of my fortune.

[Reads.] *You that choose not by the view,*
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.

If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll!—Fair lady, by your leave!
I come by note, to give, and to receive;
Yet doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you
[*Kissing her.*

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That, only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord, and lady, it is now our time,

That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy! Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
E'en at that time I may be marry'd too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy, for a thousand ducats.

Ner What, and stake down?

Gra. No! we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salanio, welcome hither!
If that the youth of my new interest here,
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But, meeting with Salanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord, [*To* BASSANIO.
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a Letter.*

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salanio: What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Sal. 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon' same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,

And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing: for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood—But is it true, Salanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,

The best condition'd and unweary'd spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more:
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding day.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and, since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay;
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street in Venice.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and the* GAOLER.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond: and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

Sal. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures

Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Sala. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray Heav'n, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

PORTIA'S *House at Belmont.*

Enter NERISSA, PORTIA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR, *who goes behind and waits.*

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now:

This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things:
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario:
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit* BALTHAZAR.

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa;
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Garden at Belmont.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak the agitation of the matter. Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good: and that is but a kind of a bastard hope neither.

Jess. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jess. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: you are gone both ways.

Jess. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; even as many as could well live one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jess. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jess. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter.

Lor. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,

Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jess. Past all expressing.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jess. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

DUETT.

Jess. *With vows of everlasting truth*
You've won my captive heart, fond youth;
But parted once, and I should find,
That "out of sight were out of mind."

Lor. *Ah, do thyself no wrong, my dear,*
Away with every jealous fear;
For each fair object I might see,
Could but inspire a thought of thee.

Jess. and Lor. *Thus absence fans to stronger flame,*
The love that fires the constant soul;
As distance points with surer aim
The faithful needle to its darling pole.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Court of Justice in Venice.

Flourish of trumpets.

The DUKE, *the* MAGNIFICOES, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, SALANIO, SALARINO, GRATIANO, *and others, discovered.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Salan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh)
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks or Tartars, never train'd,
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? what, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
Now for your answer;
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he a harmless necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well—do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?

Why sweat they under their burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sal. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.
[*Exit* SALARINO.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! what, man? courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter SALARINO *with* NERISSA *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presents a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin,—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:——
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you
Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.—
[*Exeunt* SALANIO *and* SALARINO.
Mean time the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick; but, in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together; he is furnished with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my unportunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverent estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I

leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter SALARINO, PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws, and* SALANIO.

Give me your hand: came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That hold this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptr'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice: therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, thrice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment; yea, a Daniel!—
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury on my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart :—be merciful ;
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife ;—
Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true : O wise and upright judge
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast :
So says the bond ;—doth it not, noble judge ?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balances to weigh
The flesh ?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?
Por. It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?
'Twere good, you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?
Ant. But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do but cut deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Gra. I have a wife, whom I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft;
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou dies't, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then, the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra. A halter, gratis; nothing else, for Heaven's sake.
Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman,
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence; I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god-fathers;
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, MAGNIFICOES, *and* TRAIN.
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom this day been acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do I account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,—
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.
Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.
Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.—
[*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street in Venice.

Enter NERISSA *and* PORTIA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,

And be a day before our husbands home :
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken :
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring ; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be :
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him : Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you :—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant : We shall have old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste ; thou know'st where I will tarry.

[*Exit* PORTIA.

Ner. Come, good, sir, will you show me to this house ?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Avenue to PORTIA'S *House at Belmont.*

LORENZO *and* JESSICA *discovered, seated.*

Lor. The moon shines bright :—In such a night as this
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew ;

And, with an unthrift love, did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jess. And in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jess. I would outnight you, did nobody come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Bal. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Bal. Balthazar is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will, before the break of day,
Be here at Belmont.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Laun. [*Within.*] Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo, and Mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where, where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. Sola, sola.

[*Exit* LAUNCELOT

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming:
And yet no matter: Why should we go in?
My friend, Balthazar, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand.
[*Exit* BALTHAZAR.
See, Jessica, look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubim;
Such harmony is in immortal souls.
Jes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For, do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them with a mutual stand
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music, for the time, doth change his nature.

Duet by LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. For thee, my gentle Jessy,
What labour would seem hard!
Jes. For thee, each task how easy,
Thy love the sweet reward.
Lor. and Jess. The bee thus, uncomplaining,
Esteems no toil severe,
The sweet reward obtaining,
Of honey all the year.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome, home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
[*Exit* NER.
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.
[*A Tucket sounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and* NERISSA.

GRATIANO *and* BASSANIO *talk together.*

Por. You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy:

Gra. By yonder moon I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were hang'd that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much to heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give to me; whose posy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me and leave me not."

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.
Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*
Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it.—It is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth,
By Heaven, I will ne'er come into your bed
Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe,
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady,
I was enforced to send it after him.
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it;
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let me not take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By Heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What: are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
[*To* BASSANIO.
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect; unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow;
When I am absent, then sleep with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so: The first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sure as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

THE END.

Printed by Stephen Apthorp and Edward Cowper,
24, Bell-Square, Great Surrey-Street.

KING HENRY V.

A HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK,

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

REMARKS.

This play of Henry the Fifth is the moral to the play of Henry the Fourth; for here, the jocund Prince of Wales, having become King of England, not only forsakes all his companions in vice, but hangs two or three of them.

The death of Falstaff also, told in a humorous, but most natural manner, will be as impressive, on some minds, as any of those scenes where the poet has frequently made state, pomp, or bitterest calamity, attendant on the dying man.—That pining obscurity in which the supercilious Sir John was compelled to live, when his royal comrade became ashamed of him, is a subject well worth the reflection of many a luckless parasite; and now, this stealing to his bed, stealing to his grave, without one tragic bustle, except that which his conscience makes, so well describes the usual decease of a neglected profligate, that every man, who thinks, will own the resemblance, and take the warning conveyed.

The disorderly conduct, and ensuing fate of Sir John Falstaff, is not a more excellent lesson for the dissipated and dishonourable, than the confidence of the French king and his court, in their prowess, is

instructive to ministers of state, and every puny politician. A dramatist, who had feigned occurrences, or who had not closely adhered to facts, as Shakspeare in this play has done, might have been charged with burlesquing the human character in the vain-glory which is here given to France, and her consequent humiliation.

Fiction, from the pen of genius, will often appear more like nature, than nature will appear like herself. The admired speech invented by the author for King Henry, in a beautiful soliloquy just before battle, seems the exact effect of the place and circumstances with which he was then surrounded, and to be, as his very mind stamped on the dramatic page: and yet perhaps his majesty, in his meditations, had no such thoughts as are here provided for him; but that his opponents had thoughts and expectations equally extravagant with those allotted to them, their every action evinced.

The incident of the soldier's glove has a degree of interest not only from itself, but that it shows some slight remainder of Falstaff's merry Hal, in the then great King of England.

The famed battle of Agincourt, which this play exhibits, was fought on the 25th of October, the day of St Crispin; to which one of the king's sentences alludes. Here fifteen thousand of the English only, it is said, defeated fifty-two thousand of the French. The consequences of this glorious victory were yet more horrible to the humane Britons; for the number of their prisoners amounting to more than the

own triumphant army, they were commanded, even when the heat of contest had subsided, to put every Frenchman to death.

Although the particular number of the forces which were engaged on either side, in this memorable combat, may be differently recorded by different historians, and the motive which induced the conqueror to slay his captives, may also be variously stated, yet it is certain that the French army were more than twice the number of the English, and that the English slew their prisoners.

Shakspeare was determined, in this drama, to expose every vanity of the Gallic foe to British ridicule; and thus, instantly after the slaughter of their numerous hosts, he displays the frivolous anxiety of the surviving nobility, by the herald Montjoy, in this address to Henry:—

——"Great King,
"I come to thee for charitable license,
"That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
"To sort our nobles from our common men;
"For many of our princes (woe the while!)
"Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
"So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
"In blood of princes."

There is a judicious remark by a commentator on Shakspeare—"that he knows not why the Princess Katharine, in this play, should not be allowed to speak English, as well as all the other French."

But had her royal highness been as fluent in speech as the rest of the characters, the poet had possibly failed of materials to have lengthened his last act to the expected number of pages. Dr Johnson, in speaking of the evident deficiency of this act, most justly and forcibly says—

"The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with what he could get; and not even Shakspeare can write well without a proper subject. It is a vain endeavour for the most skilful hand to cultivate barrenness, or to paint upon vacuity."

Notwithstanding some brilliant exploits of Henry the Fifth, the catastrophe of his life, and the final event of all his actions, may convey, to many a youthful debauchee, as good a moral as his total abandonment of his early associates.

The hero of Agincourt was in declining health, the effect of former intemperance, even on the spot where he gathered his laurels. He lived no more than three years after this renowned victory, and left no more than one child, who was dethroned and murdered.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ENGLISH.

HENRY THE FIFTH, KING OF ENGLAND	*Mr Kemble.*
DUKE OF GLOSTER	*Mr C. Kemble.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD	*Mr W. Murray.*
DUKE OF EXETER	*Mr Pope.*
EARL OF WESTMORELAND	*Mr Claremont.*
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY	*Mr Cresswell.*
BISHOP OF ELY	*Mr Waddy.*
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE	*Mr King.*
LORD SCROOP	*Mr Field.*
SIR THOMAS GREY	*Mr Jefferies.*
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM	*Mr Hull.*
GOWER	*Mr Chapman.*
FLUELLEN	*Mr Blanchard.*
WILLIAMS	*Mr Emery.*
BATES	*Mr Beverly.*
NYM	*Mr Wilde.*
BARDOLPH	*Mr Davenport.*
PISTOL	*Mr Simmons.*
BOY	*Master Benson.*
MRS QUICKLY	*Mrs Davenport.*

FRENCH.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, KING OF FRANCE	*Mr Murray.*
THE DAUPHIN	*Mr Brunton.*
DUKE OF BURGUNDY	*Mr Farley.*
CONSTABLE OF FRANCE	*Mr Klanert.*
BOURBON	*Mr L. Bo[illegible]*
GOVERNOR OF HARFLEUR	*Mr Atkins.*
MONTJOY	*Mr Treby.*
ISABEL, QUEEN OF FRANCE	*Mrs St. Le[illegible]*
PRINCESS KATHARINE	*Miss Tay[illegible]*

LORDS, HERALDS, MESSENGERS, CITIZENS, FRENCH AND ENGLISH ARMIES, *and* ATTENDANTS.

The SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, lies in England; but afterwards wholly in France.

KING HENRY V.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Antichamber in the English Court.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP *of* CANTERBURY, *and the* BISHOP *of* ELY.

Can. My lord, I'll tell you,—That self bill is urged,
Which, in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign,
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Can. It must be thought on; if it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us.

Ely. But what prevention?

Can. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Can. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We're blessed in the change.

Can. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate;
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You would say,—it has been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honied sentences;
So that the art, and practic part of life,
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts, and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle.

And wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.—
But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill,
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Can. He is rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?

Can. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceived, his grace would fain have done,)
The severals, and unhidden passages,
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown of France,
Derived from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Can. The French embassador, upon that instant,
Craved audience: and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Can. Then go we in, to know his embassy.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Audience Chamber.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

KING HENRY *discovered on his Throne.*
GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, GREY, HERALDS, &c. *attending.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?
Bed. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good brother...
[*Exit a* HERALD.
West. Shall we call in the embassador, my liege?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter HERALD, *with the* ARCHBISHOP *of* CANTERBURY *and the* BISHOP *of* ELY.

Can. Heav'n and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly, and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And heav'n forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading;
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right

Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For Heaven doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war;
We charge you in the name of Heaven take heed.—
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord.

Can. Then hear me, gracious sovereign:—
There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond;
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land:"
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond,
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law:
Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, who deposed Childerick,
Did hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day:
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make this claim?

Can. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers it is writ,—
When the son dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter.

Exe. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:

Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince:
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
While his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.

Glost. O noble English, that could entertain,
With half their forces, the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

West. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats;
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Bed. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

Exe. They know your grace hath cause, and means and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the field of France;
O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right!

Can. In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot:

For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnished kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Exe. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself.—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
And make her chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck, and sumless treasuries.

Can. Therefore, to France, my liege,
Divide your happy England into four:
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such power left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin. [*Exit a* HERALD.
Now are we resolved; and, by Heaven's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces.

Flourish.

Enter HERALD, *with the* CONSTABLE *of* FRANCE, MONTJOY, *and two French* LORDS.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure

Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.
Const. May it please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?
K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a christian king;
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.
Const. Thus then, in few:
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says,—that you savour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advised, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
A tun of treasure: and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.
K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.
K. Hen. We're glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by Heaven's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England:
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:

[*Rises*

For I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
But this lies all within the will of Heaven,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallowed cause,—
So, get you hence in peace,—and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* HERALD, CONSTABLE, MONTJOY, *and the two* LORDS.

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us, but France;
Save those to Heaven, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportion for these wars
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings; for, Heaven before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.
Nym. Good-morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles!—But that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's the humour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends: and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France. Let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may; that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong: for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may; men may sleep: and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may; though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL *and* MRS QUICKLY *from the Tavern.*

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—Good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host, Pistol?

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me—host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. O welladay, lady, if he be not drawn now! We shall have wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good ancient, good corporal, [illegible] nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus.*

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog! O viper vile!
The *solus*, in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat;
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have a humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms:—and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O, braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's enough.

Enter Boy, *from the Tavern.*

Boy. Mine host, Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan:—'Faith he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days; the king has kill'd his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt* Mrs Quickly *and* Boy *into the Tavern.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on.

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have;—that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill him: by this sword I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay:
And liquor likewise will I give to thee;
For I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble.

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Enter Mrs Quickly *from the Tavern.*

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

[*Exit* Mrs Quickly *into the Tavern.*

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; his heart is fractured and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt into the Tavern.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Southampton Harbour.

Enter EXETER, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Glost. 'Fore Heaven, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and bye.
West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty!
Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath cloy'd and graced with princely favours,—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

Enter KING HENRY, CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, GREY, LORDS, HERALDS, *and* GUARDS.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge, and my kind lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts;

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France?
Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.
K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.
Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and loved,
Than is your majesty; there's not a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Grey. Even those, that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight of worthiness.—
Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man, committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest that example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. We'll yet enlarge that man;
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear care,

And tender preservation of our person,—
Would have him punish'd. Now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—
My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper! Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?
Cam. I confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
Grey Scroop. To which we all appeal.
K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy.
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord Cambridge,—
You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour: and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton:—To the which,
This knight—no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But O!

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,—
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions,—I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.—
Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And Heaven acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes Heaven justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But Heaven be thanked for prevention!
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching Heaven, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,

Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
K. Hen. You have conspired against our royal person;
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto desolation.—
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof, Heav'n, of his mercy, give
You patience to endure; and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.—
[*Exeunt* GREY, SCROOP, *and* CAMBRIDGE, *guarded.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
Then, forth, dear countrymen,
Putting it straight in expedition;
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance;
No King of England, if not King of France.
[*Flourish.—Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter NYM, BISTOL, MRS QUICKLY, BARDOLPH, *and* BOY, *from the Tavern.*

Quick. 'Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;—
Boy, bristle thy courage up;—for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out,—Heaven, heaven, heaven, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of heaven; I hope, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog off? The king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kisses her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss; that's the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu.

[*Exeunt* NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* PISTOL,—*and* MRS QUICKLY, *into the tavern.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof, 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward; but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it—purchase. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my

manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Palace of the KING *of* FRANCE.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

Enter the KING *of* FRANCE, *the* DAUPHIN, *the* DUKE *of* BURGUNDY, *the* CONSTABLE *of* FRANCE, BOURBON, LORDS, *and* GUARDS.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences:
Therefore the Dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—
And you, Prince Dauphin,—with all swift dispatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English,
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question

But that defences, musters preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
But let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Const. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king;
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
But, though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems;
So, the proportions of defence are fill'd.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, black prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by Heaven, and by French fathers,
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem

Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Embassadors from Henry king of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them. [*Exit* MONTJOY.
You see, this chace is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Must spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self-neglecting.

Enter MONTJOY, EXETER, *and two* ENGLISH LORDS.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the awful name of Heav'n,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart,
The borrow'd glories; that,
By law of nature, and of nations 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
[*Presents a pedigree.*
He sends you this most memorable line:
Willing you overlook his pedigree:
And, when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,

Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.
Fr. King. Or else what follows?
Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
E'en in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;
That, if requiring fail, he may compel:—
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting to.
Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further;
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.
Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him.—What to him from England?
Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at:
Thus says my king:—and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock,
In second accent of his ordinance.
Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris balls.
Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it:
And, be assured, you'll find a difference
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now:—now, he weighs time
E'en to the utmost grain;—which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow you shall know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd, with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish of drums and trumpets.* *Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Before the Gates of Harfleur.

Shouts—Alarums—Cannon.

Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, WESTMORELAND, GOWER, LORDS, CAPTAIN, *and* SOLDIERS.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
Beat in the rondure of their trampared walls,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat!

[*Shouts—Charge—Cannon.—Exeunt.*

BOY, PISTOL, NYM, *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach! to the breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, lieutenant, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: The humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just; for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come; Heaven's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an ale-house in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions! [*Drives them all off.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! Tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you,) is digt himself four yards under the countermines: I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not petter directions.

[*A parley sounded.*]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

[*Flourish of drums and trumpets.*]

Enter KING HENRY, *with* EXETER, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, WESTMORELAND, *and his Train.*

The GOVERNOR *and* CITIZENS *enter on the Walls.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit!
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst: as I am a soldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us,—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy;
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—
[GOVERNOR *and* CITIZENS *leave the walls.*
Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you, and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow, for the march are we addrest.

[*The gates are opened, the* GOVERNOR *and* CITIZENS *come out, and present the keys.—Flourish, &c.—The* KING, *&c. enter the town.*]

SCENE II.

The French Camp.

Enter the KING *of* FRANCE, *the* DAUPHIN, BURGUNDY, BOURBON, *the* CONSTABLE *of* FRANCE, LORDS, CAPTAIN *and* SOLDIERS.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Const. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. Shall a few sprays of us—
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,—
Sprout up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Const. Where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns?
O, for the honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields.

Dau. By faith and honour
Our madams mock at us:
They bid us,—to the English dancing schools,
And teach Lavoltas high, and swift Corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? Speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edged,

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers:—He is not (Heaven be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ensign at the pridge. —I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd—Ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here comes the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to, do me favours: The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Heaven; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And buxom valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol:—Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind: And she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls:—In good truth, the poet is make a most excellent description of Fortune: Fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pix, and hang'd must 'a be.
A damned death!

Yet sharper than your swords, hie to the field;
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur;
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And, in a captive chariot, into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Bur. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The English Camp.

Enter GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? Came you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit* PISTOL.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day:—But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return to London, under the form of a soldier. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower: I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is: If I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind.— [*A distant march.* Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

[*A March.*]

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, WESTMORELAND, CAPTAIN *and* SOLDIERS.

Flu. Heaven pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? Camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge: but he is inforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge; I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great:—Marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire; sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire is out.

[*Tucket sounds.*

Enter MONTJOY *and* ATTENDANTS.

K. Hen. What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry England,
Although we seemed dead, we did but sleep;
Tell him, we could at Harfleur have rebuked him;
But that we thought not good to bruise an injury
Till it were ripe. Now speak we on our cue
With voice imperial: England shall repent
His folly; see his weakness, and admire
Our sufferance: bid him therefore to consider,
What must the ransom be, which must proportion
The losses we have borne, the subjects we
Have lost, and the disgrace we have digested:
First, for our loss, too poor is his exchequer;

For the effusion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number: and for our disgrace,
Even his own person, kneeling at our feet,
A weak and worthless satisfaction.
To this defiance add: and, for conclusion,
Tell him, he hath betray'd his followers,
Whose condemnation is pronounced.—So far
My king and master; and so much my office.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly.—Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, Heaven,
That I do brag thus! this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.—
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am;
My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army, but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet Heaven before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hindered,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour.—
The sum of all our answer is but this;
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so.—Thanks to your highness. [*Exit* MONTJOY, *with his* ATTENDANTS.

Glost. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in Heaven's hand, brother, not in theirs.

On to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*March.*—[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

KING HENRY'S *Tent.*

KING HENRY *and* GLOSTER *discovered.*

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater, therefore, should our courage be.

Enter BEDFORD.

Good morrow, brother Bedford.—
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.

Enter SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham!

A good soft pillow, for that good white head,
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better;
Since I may say,—now lie I like a king.
K. Hen. Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good-morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.
Glost. We shall, my liege.
[*Exeunt* BEDFORD *and* GLOSTER.
Erp. Shall I attend your grace?
K. Hen. No, my good knight:
Go with my brothers to my lords of England,
I and my bosom must debate awhile;
And then I would no other company.
Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
[*Exit* ERPINGHAM.
K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart, thou speak'st cheerfully. [*Exit into his Tent.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the English Camp

Enter KING HENRY *and* PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va la?*
K. Hen. A friend.
Pist. Discuss unto me: Art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. Hen. Even so: What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold;
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant;
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee then!
My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit* PISTOL.

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Captain Fluellen! Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So; speak fewer.—It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and ancient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should

also, look you, be an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? in your conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter WILLIAMS *and* BATES.

Will. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day; but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen No; nor it is not meet he should: for, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me: all his senses have but human conditions; therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with an appearance of fear; lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so

I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone!—so should he be sure to be ransomed, and many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, and more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a very heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some swearing; some crying for a surgeon; some upon their wives left poor behind them; some upon the debts they owe; some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father, that sent him: but this is not so; the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, nor the father of his son; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose

their services. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own:—therefore should every soldier in the wars do, as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or, not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that, making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day, to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head; the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun! —You'll never trust his word after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me, and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. [*Exeunt* WILLIAMS *and* BATES.

K. Hen. Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our sins lay on the king;—we must bear all.
O hard condition, twin born with greatness!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy!—and what have kings,
That privates have not too, save ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men,—
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,
Than they in fearing? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

Enter SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit* ERPINGHAM.

K. Hen. O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, lest the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them! Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon blood:—more will I do,—
[*Trumpet sounds.*
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.
[*Flourish of Trumpets.—Exit.*

SCENE III.

The French Camp.

A March.

Enter DAUPHIN, *the* CONSTABLE *of* FRANCE, *and* BURGUNDY.

Dau. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Const. Who hath measured the ground?

Dau. The lord Grandpré.

Const. A valiant and most expert gentleman.

Bur. Alas, poor Harry England! he longs not for the battle as we do.

Dau. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this

King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Bur. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Dau. That they lack; for, if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Const. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Dau. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Bur. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Const. Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

Dau. I stay but for my guard:—On, to the field;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high; and we out-wear the day.

[*Flourish of drums and trumpets.—Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

KING HENRY'S *Tent.*

A March.

Enter GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, FLUELLEN, *and all the* ENGLISH ARMY.

Glost. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. That's five to one: besides, they all are fresh.

Bed. Heaven's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds!

West. Oh, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

Enter KING HENRY, *attended.*

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?—
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin;
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
Wish not one man more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart! his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.—
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say,—To-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say,—These wounds I had on Crispian's day:
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury, and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:

This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. My sov'reign lord, bestow yourself with speed;
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.
K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now! [*Tucket sounds.*

Enter MONTJOY *and* ATTENDANTS.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow.
K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The Constable of France.
K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! Why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was kill'd with hunting him.—
Let me speak proudly;—tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field,
And time hath worn us into slovenry:

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; for they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service.—
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints:
Which, if they have, as I will leave 'em to them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry, and so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

[*Exit* MONTJOY, *with* ATTENDANTS.

K. Hen. Now on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof,—
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument;
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you:
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war.—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture, let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.—
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot;
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry,—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

[*Exeunt.*

[*Charge, Shouts, Cannon, &c.*]

SCENE V.

The Field of Battle.

Alarums.

Enter the DAUPHIN, *the* CONSTABLE *of* FRANCE, *and* GUARDS.

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes.
Const. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau. O, perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Const. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives.
Dau. We are enow yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Const. I'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else, shame will be too long.
[*Exeunt.*

[*Alarums, Cannon, Shouts, &c.*]

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums, Shouts, Cannon, &c.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, WESTMORELAND, *and Troops.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen!

But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Enter EXETER.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? Thrice, within this hour,
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave soldier!) doth he lie,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side
(Yokefellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud,—"Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heav'n;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says,—"Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me;
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

[*Charge.—Cannon*

But hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men;
Then every soldier kill his prisoners:
Give the word through. [*Charge, &c.—Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums continued.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys, and the luggage! 'Tis expressly against the law of arms. 'Tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd in the 'orld: in your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, the French have not left a boy alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran away from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned, and carried away, all that was in the king's tent: wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower:—What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was porn?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn.—I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of

the 'orld, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is poth alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but, 'tis all one—'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in poth. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things.—Alexander, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end, and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet; he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he.—I tell you, there is good mea porn at Monmouth.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*]

Gow. Here comes his majesty. [*Exit* GOWER.

Flourish.

Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WESTMORELAND, BEDFORD, HERALDS, ATTENDANTS, CAPTAIN, *and* GUARDS.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France, Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;

Ride you unto the horsemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them skir away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Go, and tell them so.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glost. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

Enter MONTJOY, *and* ATTENDANTS.

K. Hen. How now, what means this, herald?—Know'st thou not,
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters.
O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no:
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be Heaven, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets—Shouts.*]

Flu. Your grandfather, of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave patle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesty is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon St Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in the Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Heaven pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases your grace, and his majesty too.

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who knows it: I will confess it to all the 'orld; I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Heaven, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. Heaven keep me so!—Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts —

[*Exit* MONTJOY, *with the* HERALDS, *and his* ATTENDANTS.

Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

Enter WILLIAMS.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear; or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Whom serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit* WILLIAMS.

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove: that is all; but I would fain see it once: an please Heaven of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. 'Pray thee go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit* FLUELLEN.

K. Hen. Brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels;
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear.—
[*Exit* GLOSTER.
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Westmoreland;
If that the soldier strike him (as I judge,
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
Uncle of Exeter, and brother Bedford,
Come you with me.
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*—*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Heaven's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more gpot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes* FLUELLEN.

Flu. 'Sbud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you, in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a frænd of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WESTMORELAND *and* GLOSTER.

Glost. How now, how now? what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Gloster, here is (praised Heaven be for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day.—Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, CAPTAIN *and* GUARDS.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove, which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: Look, here is the fellow of it: 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns —

[EXETER *drops a purse into the glove.*

Keep it, soldier;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly:—Hold, there is twelve-pence for you: and I pray you to keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will, I can tell you; it will serve you to mend your shoes. [*Exit* WILLIAMS.

Enter the two ENGLISH HERALDS.

K. Hen. Now, Herald, are the dead number'd?

[HERALD *delivers two papers to the* KING, *who gives one of them to the* DUKE *of* EXETER.

What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles, Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John, Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Boucicqualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
Slain in the field: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights;
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.—
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?

Exe. Edward, the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;
None else of name; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. Hen. O Heaven, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—
Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from Heaven,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That Heaven fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites.
The dead with charity enclosed in clay,
We will to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.
[*March.—Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The English Camp in France.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right:—But why wear you your leek to-day? St Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower: The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swelling, nor his turkey-cocks.

Enter PISTOL.

Heaven bless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Heaven bless you!

[*Draws the leek across his nose.*

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it,—nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it,—I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you.— [*Strikes him.* Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Heaven's will is: I will desire you to live the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it.— [*Strikes him to the ground.*] You call'd me yesterday, mountain 'squire, but I will make you to-day a 'squire of low degree.—I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain, you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eke I swear,—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Heaven be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Strikes him.—Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition: fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The French court at Troyes in Champagne.

Flourish of all the Instruments.

Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, WESTMORELAND, *and other* LORDS; *meeting the* FR. KING, QUEEN ISABEL, PRINCESS KATHARINE, *the* DUKE *of* BURGUNDY, *the* CONSTABLE *of* FRANCE, MONTJOY, FRENCH LORDS *and* LADIES.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy:—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry "Amen" to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England. That I've labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness:
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enscheduled briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them: to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanced the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your counsel presently
To sit with us, once more with better heed
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,—
You, brother Bedford,—brother Gloster, you,—
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urged, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us;
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but* KING HENRY *and* KATHARINE.

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. De tongues of de man is be full of deceits.

K. Hen. No, 'faith, Kate; I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain!—How say you, lady?

Kath. Me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance, for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: If I could win a lady by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife: But, before Heaven, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence; nor I have no cunning in protestation, only downright oaths: which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate,—whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks into his glass for love of any thing he sees there,—let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true; but—for thy love, by the lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for a good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou wouldst have such a one, take me: take me, take a soldier;

take a soldier, take a king: And what say'st thou then to my love?

Kath. Is it possible, dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible, you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me, you shall love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lov'st me; and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question your gentlewomen about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to them, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me—thou shalt,) I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between St Dennis and St George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not, my fair Flower-de-Luce? How answer you, *La plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chere et devin deese.*

Kath. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive the most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear, thou lov'st me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them.' But, in

faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell the, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please *le roi, mon pere.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that, I kiss you, and I call you—my queen. You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.—Here comes your father.

Enter the FRENCH KING *and* QUEEN, *with all the* FRENCH *and* ENGLISH LORDS, CAPTAIN *and* GUARDS.

Bur. My royal cousin, teach you our princess, English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth: so that, having neither the voice

nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.—Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

Exe. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,
That here I take her as my sovereign queen.—

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*]

Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers, for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kate.—and you to me,—
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!

[*Flourish of all the Instruments.*]

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

ROYAL

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

URSULA — "BUT ARE YOU SURE THAT BENEDICK LOVES BEATRICE SO ENTIRELY"
ACT III. SCENE I.

Painted by Stephanoff. Published by Longman & C.° March 1811. Engraved by Heath

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

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REMARKS.

THE story of this comedy is supposed, by Pope, to have been taken from the fifth book of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso.

Steevens says, there is as remote an original to be traced in Spenser's "Fairy Queen."

"Much ado about Nothing" has more charms in its dialogue, than in its fable, or events. The first plot appears a trivial one, because all the incidents of note, which arise from it, are connected with persons of so little consequence in the piece, that their vicissitudes of fortune excite not that hope, fear, nor curiosity in the audience, which more important characters would inspire.

Claudio and Hero are said to be in love, but they say so little about it themselves, that no strong sympathy is created, either by their joys, or their sorrows, their expectations or disappointments;—though, such is the reverence for justice implanted in humankind, that every spectator feels a degree of delight in the final vindication of her innocence, and the confusion of her guilty accusers.

Those persons, for whom the hearts of the audience are most engaged, have, on the contrary, scarce one

event to aid their personal interest; every occurrence, which befalls them, depends solely on the pitiful act of private listening. If Benedick or Beatrice had possessed perfect good manners, or just notions of honour and delicacy, so as to have refused to have become eves-droppers, the action of the play must have stood still, or some better method have been contrived—a worse hardly could—to have imposed on their mutual credulity.

But this willingness to overhear conversations, the reader will find to be the reigning fashion with the dramatis personæ of this play: for there are nearly as many unwarrantable listeners, as there are characters in it.

But, in whatever failings the ill-bred custom of Messina may have involved the said Benedick and Beatrice, they are both highly entertaining, and most respectable personages. They are so witty, so jocund, so free from care, and yet so sensible of care in others, that the best possible reward is conferred on their merit—marriage with each other.

What Dr Johnson has said in respect to authors writing characters for provincial, or foreign pronunciation, may be applied to those, who produce such parts as Dogberry, that please merely by misapplication of words—"This mode of forming ridiculous characters, can confer praise only on him who originally discovered it; for it requires not much either of wit, or judgment. Its success must be derived almost wholly from the player; but its power in a skilful

ful mouth, even he who despises it, is unable to resist."

Shakspeare has given such an odious character of the bastard, John, in this play, and of the bastard, Edmund, in King Lear, that, had those dramas been written in the time of Charles the Second, the author must have been suspected of disaffection to half the court.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Drury-Lane.	Covent-Garden.
Don Pedro	*Mr Holland.*	*Mr Brunton.*
Leonato	*Mr Wroughton.*	*Mr Murray.*
Don John	*Mr Eyre.*	*Mr Waddy.*
Claudio	*Mr H. Siddons.*	*Mr C. Kemble.*
Benedick	*Mr Elliston.*	*Mr Lewis.*
Balthasar	*Mr Dignum.*	*Mr Taylor.*
Antonio	*Mr Powell.*	*Mr Davenport.*
Borachio	*Mr Cooke.*	*Mr Claremont.*
Conrade	*Mr Ray.*	*Mr Field.*
Dogberry	*Mr Dowton.*	*Mr Munden.*
Verges	*Mr Wewitzer.*	*Mr Simmons.*
Friar	*Mr Maddocks.*	*Mr Chapman.*
Sexton	*Mr Webb.*	*Mr Jefferies.*
Seacoal	*Mr Sparks.*	*Mr Beverly.*
Oatcake	*Mr Purser.*	*Mr Atkins.*
Hero	*Miss Mellon.*	*Miss Bolton.*
Beatrice	*Mrs Jordan.*	*Mrs H. Johnston.*
Margaret	*Miss Tidswell.*	*Mrs Humphries.*
Ursula	*Mrs Scott.*	*Mrs Wadon.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Court before LEONATO'S *House.*

LEONATO, *reading a Letter*, HERO, BEATRICE, *and* BALTHASAR *discovered.*

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro, of Arragon, comes this night to Messina.

Balth. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Balth. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Balth. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Balth. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Balth. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed.

Beatr. I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars?

Balth. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick, of Padua.

Balth. Oh, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beatr. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Balth. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beatr. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Balth. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beatr. And a good soldier to a lady;—but what is he to a lord?

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece:—there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beatr. Alas, he gets nothing by that!—In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse, for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn-brother.

Balth. Is it possible?

Beatr. Very easily possible; he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Balth. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beatr. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion?

Balth. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beatr. O lord, he will hang upon him like a disease! he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. Heaven help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds, ere he be cured.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beatr. No, not till a hot January.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*

Balth. Don Pedro is approached. [*Exit.*

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, *and* BENEDICK.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house, in the likeness of your grace; for, trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no, for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full, Benedick! we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bened. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is!

Beatr. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick! nobody marks you.

Bened. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beatr. Is it possible, Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bened. Then is courtesy a turn-coat!—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart, that I had not a hard heart! for truly I love none.

Beatr. A dear happiness to women! they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank Heaven, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that! I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bened. Heaven keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beatr. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours.

Bened. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher!

Beatr. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bened. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer! But keep your way o' Heaven's name!—I have done.

Beatr. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all:—Leonato, Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick, my dear friend, Leonato, hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some

occasion may detain us longer; I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord; being reconciled to the prince, your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you,

Leon. Please it your grace, lead on.

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bened. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bened. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment!

Bened. Why, i'faith, methinks, she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that, were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and, being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly, how thou lik'st her.

Bened. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bened. Yea, and a case to put it into.—But, speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack? Come, in what key shall a man take you?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on!

Bened. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see

no such matter: there's her cousin, an' she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December! But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bened. Is't come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion?—Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith! an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays.—Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Enter DON PEDRO.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bened. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell!

Pedro. I charge thee, on thy allegiance!

Bened. You hear, Count Claudio—I can be as secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but on my allegiance—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With whom?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bened. Like the old tale, my lord;—it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, Heaven forbid it should be so!

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, Heaven forbid it should be otherwise!

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought!

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine!

Bened. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine!

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bened. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will?

Bened. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bened. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord—not with love: prove, that if ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bened. If I do, hang me in a bottle, like a cat, and shoot at me!

Pedro Well, as time shall try:
In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bened. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write—"*Here is good horse to hire*," let them signify under my sign—"*Here you may see Benedick, the married man.*"

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bened. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporise with the hours.—In the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bened. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you——

Claud. To the tuition of Heaven; from my house, if I had it——

Pedro. The sixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

Bened. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometimes guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither:—ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson, that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir:
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am returned, and that war thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging, soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying I liked her, ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,

And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her.
Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero, I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner, with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father, will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* CONRAD.

Con. What the good-jer, my lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controulment. You have, of late, stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace: where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful, that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied, but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and infranchised with a clog! therefore, I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make use of your discontent?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

Bor. I came yonder, from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he, for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bor. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bor. Even he!

John. A proper squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bor. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March chick! Come, come; let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure; that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. 'Would the cook were of my mind! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Room in LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Leon. How came you to this?

Ant. I tell you, the prince and Count Claudio, walking in the thick-pleached alley of the orchard,

were overheard by a man of mine. It was agreed upon, that the prince should, in a dance, woo Hero, as for himself, and, having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow. I will send for him, and you shall question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself.—But do you acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be better prepared for her answer, if peradventure, this be true. Here she comes.

Enter HERO *and* BEATRICE.

Was not Count John here at supper?

Hero. I saw him not.

Beatr. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I'm heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatr. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the midway, between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face——

Beatr. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world—if he could get her good-will.

[HERO *and* ANTONIO *talk together, retire.*

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be'st so shrewd of thy tongue!

Beatr. For the which blessing, I am at Heav'n upon my knees every morning and evening; Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face! I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beatr. What should I do with him? dress him in

my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me: and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Ant. [*To* HERO.] Well, niece, I trust, you will be ruled by your father?

Beatr. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make a courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you:"—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatr. Not till heaven make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Ant. Niece, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beatr. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him, there is a measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beatr. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light. [*Music within.*

Leon. The revellers are entering. [*Music.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, CONRADE, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked.*

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may so, when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for Heaven defend, the lute should be like the case!

Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatched.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

A Dance.

Beatr. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bened. No, you shall pardon me.

Beatr. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beatr. That I was disdainful—and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales;—Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bened. What's he?

Beatr. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bened. Not I, believe me.

Beatr. Did he never make you laugh?

Bened. I pray you what is he?

Beatr. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders;

none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bened. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beatr. Do, do; he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night.

[*The Company beginning to leave the Room.*
We must follow the leaders.

[*Music—Exeunt all but* DON JOHN, BORACHIO, *and* CLAUDIO.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father, to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bor. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well: I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bor. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio——
'Tis certain so;—The prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let ev'ry eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not: Farewell, therefore, Hero.

Enter BENEDICK.

Bened. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bened. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bened. Even to the next willow, about your own business, Count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like a usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bened. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bened. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[*Exit* CLAUDIO.

Bened. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Enter DON PEDRO.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bened. Troth, my lord, I played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of his young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bened. The flat transgression of a school boy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bened. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bened. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, she is much wronged by you.

Bened. Wronged! she wronged! she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have

made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club, to make the fire too. I would to Heaven, some scholar would conjure her: for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Beatr. Leon. Claud. and Hero. [*Within.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bened. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any ambassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bened. O lord, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my Lady Tongue.——[*Exit* BENEDICK.

Enter BEATRICE, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, *and* HERO.

Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beatr. So I would not he should do me, my lord; lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beatr. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry

ry, nor well: but civil, Count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good-will obtained: name the day of marriage, and Heaven give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say amen to it!

Beatr. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beatr. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak, neither.

Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beatr. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beatr. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may sit in a corner, and cry, "Heigho for a husband!"

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beatr. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beatr. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days; your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me; and to be

merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beatr. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, Heaven give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beatr. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit.*

Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady!—Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, if it cost me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and quasy gi-

mach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bor. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment, will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bor. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bor. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince, your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marry-

ing the renowned Claudio, whose estimation do you mightily hold up, to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bor. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bor. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro, and the Count Claudio, alone; tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me, Borachio! and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bor. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

LEONATO'S *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK.

Bened. I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now he is turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what co-

lour it please Heaven.—Ha! the prince, and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, BALTHASAR, *and* SINGERS.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—how still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

GLEE.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blythe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

Pedro. Dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for, to-morrow night, we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

Pedro. Do so: farewell! [*Exeunt* BALTHASAR *and* SINGERS.] Come hither, Leonato: What was it

you told me of to-day? that your niece, Beatrice, was in love with Signior Benedick? [*They sit.*

Claud. O, ay:—[*Aside.*] Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.—I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath, in all outward behaviours, seemed ever to abhor.

Bened. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. Counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. [*Aside.*] Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—— You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bened. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. [*Aside.*] He hath ta'en the affection; hold it up.

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Bened. So, so!

Leon. My daughter says, the ecstacy hath so much overborne her, that she is sometime afraid she will do desperate outrage to herself.

Pedro. It were good, if Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it. I prey you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. 'Tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Bened. Very well!

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear farther of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready?

[*They rise.*

Claud. [*Aside.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Pedro. [*Aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see. Let us send her to call him to dinner. [*Exeunt.*

BENEDICK *advances.*

Bened. This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured; they say, I will

bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise,—but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age:—Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. —Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beatr. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bened. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beatr. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bened. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beatr. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior? fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bened. Ha! 'Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner'—there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks, than

you take pains to thank me"—that's as much as to say, 'Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:"—If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew:—I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

LEONATO'S *Garden.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour,
There shalt thou find my cousin, Beatrice;
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the garden here,
To listen our purpose: This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit* MARGARET.

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:

My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter BEATRICE, *on one Side.*

[*Aside.*] Now begin;
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. [*Aside.*] Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord,
They did entreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O, god of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks —

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoison liking.

Urs. Oh, do not do your cousin such a wrong;
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
Having so sweet and excellent a wit,
As she is prized to have, as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow.

Urs. She's limed, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam. [*Aside.*]

Hero. [*Aside.*] If it proves so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt* HERO *and* URSULA.

BEATRICE *advances.*

Beatr. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee:
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our hopes up in a holy band:
For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, *and* BENEDICK.

Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Pedro. Nay, I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bened. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I! methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bened. I have the tooth-ache.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bened. Hang it!

Pedro. What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm?

Bened. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing of old signs; he brushes his hat o' mornings: what should that bode?

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lutestring.

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bened. Yet this is no charm for the tooth-ache.—Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK *and*, LEONATO.

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have, by this time, played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.'

Enter DON JOHN.

John. My lord and brother, Heaven save you!

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you;—yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

Pedro. You know he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: for my brother, I think, he holds you well; and, in dearness of heart, hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and, circumstances shortened, for she hath too long been a-talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero!

John. Even she;—Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal!

John. The word is too good to paint out her wick-

edness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till farther warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber window entered; even the night before her wedding day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it.—

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, SEACOAL, OATCAKE, *and Four* WATCHMEN.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verges. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for

them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verges. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

Verges. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: Heaven hath bless'd you with a good name: to be a well favour'd man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sea. Both which, Master Constable,——

Dogb. You have. I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore, bear you the lantern: This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sea. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank Heaven you are rid of a knave.

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True; and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects;—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

Sea. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should

offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Sea. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

Sea. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Sea. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verges. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verges. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Sea. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verges. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verges. Nay, by'rlady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't with any man, that

knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verges. By'rlady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha! ha! ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Sea. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu! be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Enter BORACHIO.

Bor. What, Conrade!—

Sea. [*Aside.*] Peace, stir not.

Bor. Conrade, I say!

Enter CONRADE.

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Stand thee close, then; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Sea. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bor. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for, when rich villains

have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shows thou art unconfirmed: Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bor. I mean the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Sea. [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief these seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bor. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty?

Con. Art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither: but know, that I have tonight wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber window; bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master, Don John, saw afar off, in the orchard, this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bor. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret: away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning, at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation,

shame her with what he saw over night, and send her home again without a husband.

Sea. We charge you in the prince's name, stand!

Out. Call up the right master constable: [*Exit a* WATCHMAN.] We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

Sea. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him; he wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sea. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

Sea. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

HERO'S *Apartment in* LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter HERO *and* MARGARET.

Hero. Good Margaret, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise, and send her hither.

Marg. Here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beatr. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beatr. I am out of all other tune, methinks. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—heigho!

Hero. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beatr. For the letter that begins them all, H.—— By my troth, I am sick.

Hero. Get you some distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Beatr. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Hero. Moral! No, by my troth; I meant plain holy-thistle.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, and Don John, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Come in with me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Hall in LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter LEONATO, DOGBERRY, *and* VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that discerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir!

Verges. Yes, in truth it is, sir!

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, Heaven help, I would desire they were! but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verges. Yes, I thank Heaven, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verges. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verges. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir;—he will be talking—as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out;—— Heaven help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges!—An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i'faith, sir! by my troth, he's, as ever broke bread! but, Heaven is to be worshipped—All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that Heaven gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Fare you well! [*Exit.*

Dogb. Go, good partner, go get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men.

Verges. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you: here's that, [*Touching his Forehead.*] shall drive some of them to a non-com: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Chapel.

DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *discovered.*

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, Friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. Oh, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bened. How now? Interjections?

Claud. Stand thee by, Friar:—Father, by your leave;

Will you, with free and unconstrained soul,
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as Heaven did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, take her back again;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here!
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not knit my soul to an approved wanton——

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth——
Claud. No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to a sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me, as Dian in her orb:
As chaste, as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals,
That rage in savage sensuality.
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?
Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a wanton here.
Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Hero. True, O Heaven!
Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child!
Hero. O Heaven defend me! how I am beset!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero:

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he, talk'd with you yesternight,
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

Pedro. Leonato,
I am sorry, you must hear:—Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian, at her chamber window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be named, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero, what an angel had'st thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell!
For thee, I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids, shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious. [HERO *swoons.*

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, *and* CLAUDIO.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me

Beatr. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

Bened. How doth the lady?

Beatr. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beatr. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.
Leon. Dost thou look up?
Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny,
The story, that is printed in her blood!
Do not live, Hero: do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that, at frugal nature's frame?
I've one too much by thee! O, she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few, to wash her clean again!
Bened. Sir, sir, be patient!
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.
Beatr. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
Bened. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beatr. No, truly not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! Oh, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence! from her! let her die!
Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only silent been so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes.
Call me a fool;

Trust not my reading, nor my observation,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here,
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation,
A sin of perjury: she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
That, which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he, you are accused of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me: I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that, which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bened. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John, the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frames of villanies.

Leon. I know not; if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Claudio has left your daughter here for dead;
Let her a while be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excused,

Of every hearer; So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear, she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed: then shall he mourn,
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not, but success
Will fashion the event in better shape,
Than I can lay it down, in likelihood.

Bened. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being, that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently, away;
Come, lady, die, to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolonged; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt all but* BENEDICK *and* BEATRICE.

Bened. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beatr. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bened. I will not desire that.

Beatr. You have no reason: I do it freely.

Bened. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beatr. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

Bened. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beatr. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bened. May a man do it?

Beatr. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bened. I do love nothing in the world so well as you:
Is not that strange?

Beatr. As strange as the thing I know not: It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but, believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bened. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me!

Beatr. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bened. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says I love not you.

Beatr. Will you not eat your word?

Bened. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest I love thee!

Beatr. Why, then, Heaven forgive me!

Bened. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beatr. You have staid me in an happy hour; I was about to protest I loved you.

Bened. And do it, with all thy heart!

Beatr. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bened. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beatr. Kill Claudio.

Bened. Ha! not for the wide world!

Beatr. You kill me to deny it:—Farewell!

Bened. Tarry, sweet Beatrice!

Beatr. I am gone, though I am here:—There is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bened. Beatrice,—

Beatr. In faith, I will go!

Bened. We'll be friends first.

Beatr. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bened. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beatr. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—Oh, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then, with

public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O Heaven, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place!

Bened. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beatr. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bened. Nay, but Beatrice——

Beatr. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone!

Bened. Beatrice!

Beatr. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect—a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend, would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: He is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bened. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee!

Beatr. Use it for my love, some other way than swearing by it.

Bened. Think you in your soul, the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beatr. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul!

Bened. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him.

Beatr. Will you?

Bened. Upon my soul I will. I'll kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account.

Beatr. You'll be sure to challenge him?

Bened. By those bright eyes I will.

Beatr. My dear friend, kiss my hand again.

Bened. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

Beatr. Benedick, kill him, kill him, if you can.

Bened. As sure as he is alive, I will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Prison.

DOGBERRY, VERGES, SEACOAL, *and* OATCAKE, *discovered.*

Dogb. Is our whole assembly appeared?

Enter SEXTON.

Verges. O, a stool, and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I, and my partner.

Verges. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined! let them come before Master Constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.

[SEACOAL *beckons to the* WATCH.

Enter WATCH, *bringing in* BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

What is your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down Master Gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve Heaven?

Con. and Bor. Yes, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down, that they hope they serve Heaven—and write Heaven first; for Heaven defend but Heaven should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already, that you are little better

than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you!—but I will go about with him.—Come you, hither, sirrah! a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore Heaven, they are both in a tale!—Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Master Constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call the watch, that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way:—Let the watch stand forth:—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men!

Sea. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down,—Prince John, a villain:—Why, that is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother, villain!

Bor. Master Constable——

Dogb. 'Pray thee, fellow, peace! I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Oat. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed!

Verges. Yea, by the mass, that it is!

Sexton. What else, fellow?

Sea. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this?

Sexton. What else?

Sea. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's.—I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away, you are an ass! you are an ass!

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here, to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not, that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee, by good witness!—I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, an householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh, as any in Messina! and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE 1.

The Court before LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one, whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;—
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those, that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel.
Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And make a pish at chance and sufferance.
Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.
Leon. There thou speak'st reason; nay, I will do so;
My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords——
Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.
Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:
Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one
Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou!
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear!
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me!
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child, and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man:
I say, thou hast belied my innocent child.
Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you!
Leon. Canst thou so daff me?

Ant. Let him answer me:
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will!
Leon. Brother——
Ant. Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops!
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue!
Leon. Brother Antony——
Ant. Hold you content; What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple;
Scambling, outfacing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.
Leon. But, brother Anthony——
Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.
Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.
Leon. My lord, my lord——
Pedro. I will not hear you.
Leon. No?
Brother, away; I will be heard!
Ant. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Pedro. See, see,
Here comes the man, we went to seek!

Enter BENEDICK.

Claud. Now, Signior,
What news?

Bened. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior!
You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off, with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother; What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bened. In a false quarrel, there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bened. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale!—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What, though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bened. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it against me; I pray you, chuse another subject. I don't like it.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more! I think, he be angry, indeed!

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bened. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. Heaven bless me from a challenge!

Bened. You are a villain! I jest not—I will make it good, how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you! Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feast, a feast!

Claud. I'faith, I thank him, he hath bid me to a calve's head; the which, if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.

Bened. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath,—Here dwells Benedick, the married man?

Bened. Fare you well, boy! you know my mind—I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests, as braggarts do their blades, which, Heaven be thanked, hurt not!—My lord, for your many courtesies, I thank you—I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina; you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet, and till then, peace be with him!—Let me hear from you. [*Exit.*

Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice!

Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely!

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!—Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO *bound, followed by* SEACOAL, OATCAKE, *and the* WATCH.

Dogb. Come you, sir! if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance:—nay, and you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have

belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. First, I ask thee, what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed;—and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood:—What's your offence?

Bor. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John, your brother, incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret, in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record, which, I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead, upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles he uttered it.

Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery:—And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time, our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verges. Here comes Master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Enter LEONATO, SERVANTS, *and the* SEXTON.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: Which of these is he?
Bor. If you would know your wronger, look on me.
Leon. Art thou the slave, that, with thy breath, hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?
Bor. Yea, even I alone.
Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: Chuse your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.
Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.
Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here,
How innocent she died;
To-morrow morning, come you to my house;
And, since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost a copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right, you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.
Claud. O, noble sir,

Your over kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming,
To-night I take my leave.

[*Exeunt* PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong.

Bor. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, which indeed, is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment; and also the watch heard him talk of one Deformed—pray you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise Heaven for you!

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. Heaven save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoners, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. Heaven keep your worship—I wish your worship well—Heaven restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and, if a merry meeting may be wished, Heaven prohibit it! —Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *the* SEXTON, SEACOAL, OATCAKE, *and the* WATCH.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET.

Bened. 'Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bened. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it!

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bened. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bened. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you. [*Exit.*

Bened. [Sings] *The god of love,*
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,——

I mean in singing; but in loving,—Leander, the good swimmer, Troilus, the first employer of panders, and

a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over, as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to lady but baby, an innocent rhyme; for school, fool, a babbling rhyme; for scorn, horn, a hard rhyme; very ominous endings!—No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beatr. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bened. O, stay but till then!

Beatr. Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and Claudio.

Bened. Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beatr. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bened. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beatr. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beatr. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bened. An old, an old instance—Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours—if a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beatr. And how long is that, think you?

Bened. Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum; therefore it is most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy.—And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beatr. Very ill.

Bened. And how do you?

Beatr. Very ill too.

Bened. Serve Heaven, love me, and mend. Here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone.

[*Exit* URSULA.

Beatr. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bened. I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy heart; and moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in LEONATO'S *House.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, FRIAR, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, *and other* LADIES.

Friar. Did not I tell you she was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her,
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
Bened. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me.

[*Exeunt* BEATRICE, HERO, *and all the* LADIES.

You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
Ant. Which I will do with a confirm'd countenance.
Bened. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, signior?
Bened. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'tis most true.

Bened. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me, From Claudio and the prince: But what's your will?

Bened. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical: But, for my will, my will is, your good-will May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd In the estate of honourable marriage;— In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here come the prince, and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. We here attend you: Are you yet determined To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother: Here's the friar ready.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.

Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's the matter,

That you have such a February face, So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull: Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold, And all our Europe shall rejoice at thee; As once Europa did at lusty Jove, When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bened. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low: And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow, And got a calf in that same noble feat, Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Oh, here they come!

Enter ANTONIO, with HERO, BEATRICE, URSULA, *and other* LADIES, *masked.*

Claud. Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why then she's mine: Sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband if you like of me.
Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife;
[*Unmasking.*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero?
Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am innocent.
Pedro. The former Hero! Hero, that is dead?
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after these the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, Friar.—Which is Beatrice?
Beatr. I answer to that name.
[BEATRICE *and the other* LADIES *unmask.*
What is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beatr. No, no more than reason.
Bene. Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived, for they swore you did.
Beatr. Do not you love me?
Bene. No, no more than reason.

Beatr. Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceived, for they did swear you did.

Bened. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beatr. They swore that you were well nigh dead for me.

Bened. 'Tis no such matter:—Then, you do not love me!

Beatr. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

[*Gives the paper to* BEATRICE.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

[*Gives the paper to* BENEDICK.

Bened. A miracle!—here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity!

Beatr. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life; for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bened. Peace, I will stop your mouth.——

Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bened. I'll tell thee what, prince, a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No; if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Ped. I think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise brave punishments for him.

[*Exit* LORENZO.

Bened. Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer, which, out of question thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look narrowly to thee.

Bened. Come, come, we are friends. Prince, thou art sad.

Pedro. Yes, I've got the tooth-ache.

Bened. Got the tooth-ache!—Get thee a wife; and all will be well. Nay, laugh not, laugh not.——

Your gibes and mockeries I laugh to scorn;
No staff more rev'rend than one tipt with horn.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

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